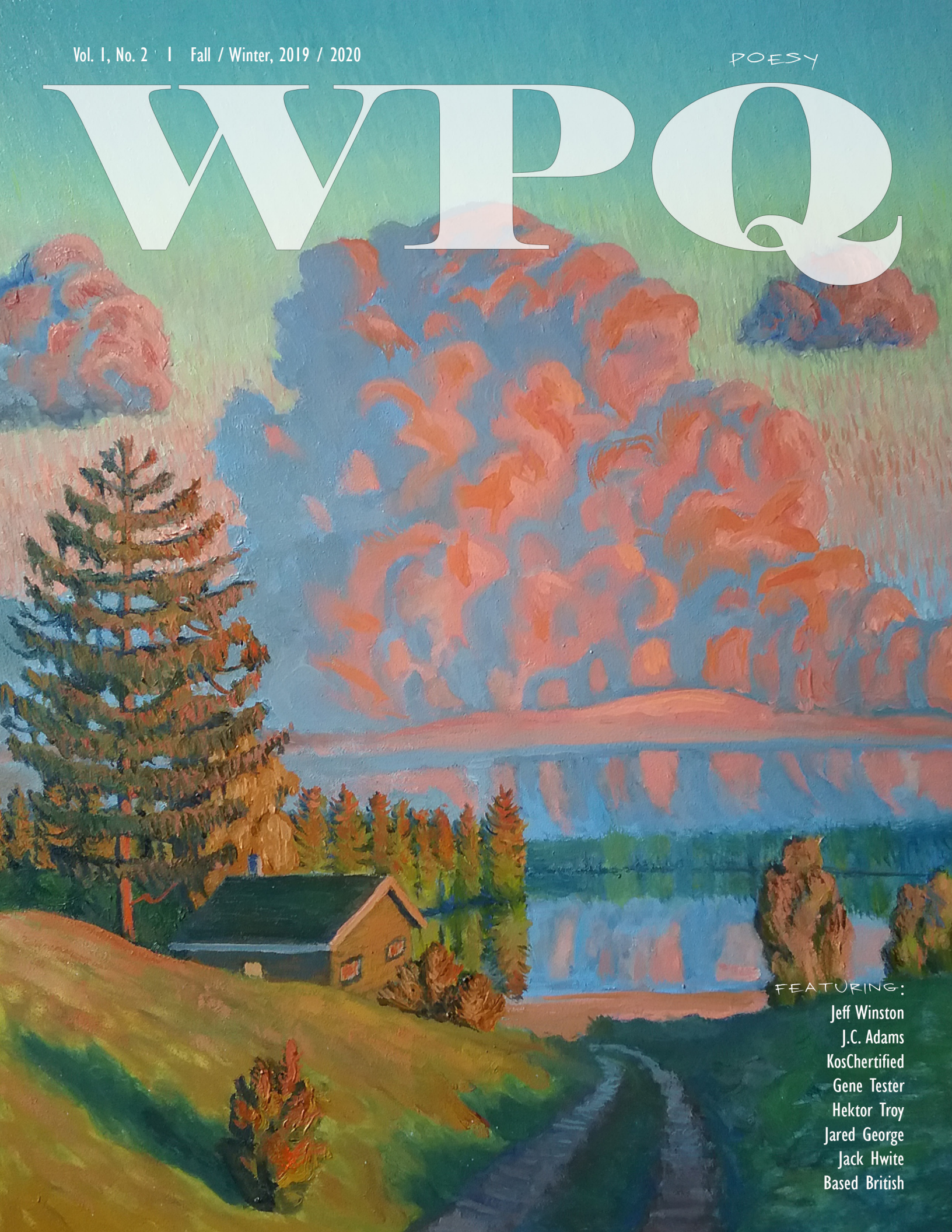
Vol. 1, No. 2 | Fall / Winter, 2019 / 2020

POESY

WPQ



FEATURING:

Jeff Winston
J.C. Adams
KosChertified
Gene Tester
Hektor Troy
Jared George
Jack Hwite
Based British

Thank you for supporting *The White People's Quarterly*—a non-political and family-friendly literary and culture magazine published by The White People's Press. The objective of this publication, and our organization at large, is to raise awareness of white interests and discuss in a mature and productive manner the issues most important to our collective well-being. The reader will find no profanity or otherwise questionable material in the pages of our publications; we exist only to promote positive messaging that can help us better understand ourselves as a people.

The White People's Press

White Art Collective

DJ Juggler Jeff and Mama P. are making entertainment great again with music, laughs, and friends of good character on Saturday Night Live-Stream, Saturdays at 9pm ET on the White Art Collective YouTube Channel.

WhiteArtCollective.com

CONTENTS

POESY

J.C. ADAMS

24 *Beyond the Noise of Men*

26 *The Thinning Stream*

28 *A Lifetime of Lashings*

DONALD KENT

30 *Honesty's Lament*

LUKA CALGUES

32 *Birds in the Air*

JARED GEORGE

34 *A Promise*

FEATURES

THE KOSCHERTIFIED? STAFF

38 Calling it the Kosher Tax? Hogwash!

Our friends at KosChertified give readers an in-depth look into the kosher certification industry and explain some of the findings from their recent Critical Study

GENE TESTER

44 Consumer DNA Testing

Everything you need to know about how DNA testing works, and what those who take them can expect to discover about themselves

HEKTOR TROY

52 A Likely Story of What Was

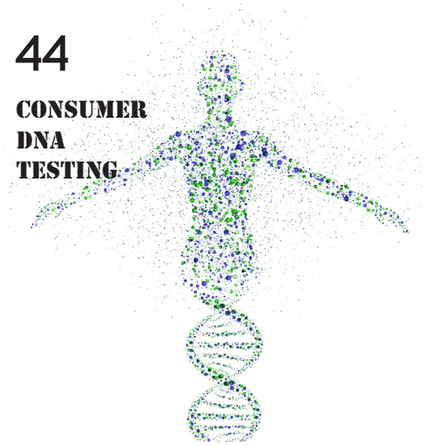
By the poetic hand of Hektor Troy, we give you a majestic and beautifully spun tale of origin, meaning, and being

JEFF WINSTON

68 The Art of Artistic Critique

Jeff Winston discusses the methods and importance of art critique as it relates to our much-needed artistic renaissance, our movement more generally, and our society at large

CONTENTS



FEATURES

12 LAST MESSAGE TO THE WEST

Jared George and Lovely Porridge fill readers in on the details of the recent and highly successful Last Message to the West video contest

18 JACK HWITE

Mama from the Mamas and the Pepes sits down for a chat with one of the hottest new musicians on the pro-white scene—the Banjoman, Jack Hwite

35 MINA THERESE

"Waiting With Our Backs to the Window: A Call to Pay Attention"—Mina Therese is back with a story to highlight how we're all in this together

62 JOSH NEAL

An excerpt from Josh Neal's new book, ***I'm a Feminist and 10 Other Things Women Never Want to Hear***

78 BASED BRITISH

A Quarterly Q&A exclusive with Based British, the creator of the 10-hour epic documentary, Apotheosis of Evil

79 DONALD KENT

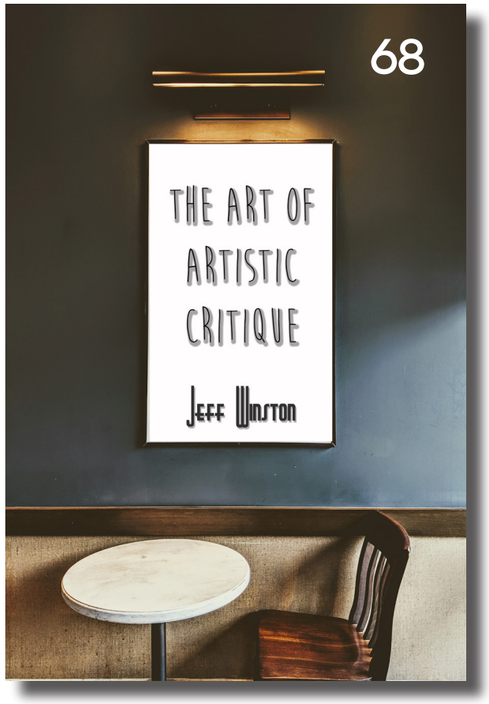
"Sal"—a sketch by the artist

80 PAUL MARLAIS

"The R Word"—it keeps us shackled and afraid, but in this short story by Marlais, the word takes on a life of its own

88 HERRMANN RADWULF

"Moonlight Walk"
India ink on paper, 12"x9"



Mighty White Soap Co

Soaps that are as pure, honest, and decent as the people they're made for.

Mighty White Soap Co. is dedicated to providing the very best in soaps, lotions, butters, shave care, and candles.

Please use coupon code:
WHITEPEOPLEPRESS for 10% off

MIGHTYWHITESOAPCO.COM

OUR STORY

The White People's Press was founded in December 2018, and made its official launch in July 2019 with the release of the inaugural summer issue of *The White People's Quarterly*. Concerned with the anti-white practices of the publishing industry, and the lack of introductory materials for average white men and women generally, the founders decided it was time to create an outlet for the change they wanted to see. The White People's Press publishes fiction, non-fiction, literary criticism, book reviews, and more in the form of web content, books, and this magazine. Future plans for the company include a children's book imprint, a short series to acquaint average folks with white-positive ideas, and a news section with no slant.

FOLLOW US

Website | whitepeoplepress.com

THE WHITE PEOPLE'S QUARTERLY

Tony Vermont
EDITOR IN CHIEF

CREATIVE DIRECTOR Jeff Winston
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR Lou Meninspirit
TECHNICAL ADVISOR Joe Cee
COPY EDITOR Amy Davenport
PHOTO EDITOR Casey Westlake
EDITOR AT LARGE Erin Clarke

PUBLISHER
The White People's Press
www.whitepeoplepress.com
+1.505.365.1783

ADVERTISING INQUIRIES
If you or your company would like to advertise your product or service in future issues of *The White People's Quarterly*, contact the editor at:
editor@whitepeoplepress.com

SUBMISSIONS FOR THE SPRING
Submissions for future issues of *The White People's Quarterly* are always open, and pitches are welcome. We are interested in publishing and promoting fiction, creative non-fiction, poetry, literary criticism, book reviews, artwork, photography, and any other creative work that falls outside those categories but fits with our mission. We are always seeking manuscripts and web content as well. More information about submission guidelines is available at:
www.whitepeoplepress.com/submit

All submissions should include an introduction and a description of the work being submitted, and be sent to the following address:
submissions@whitepeoplepress.com

SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES
To subscribe to The White People's Press and receive the latest news and updates about our publications, including *The White People's Quarterly*, go to:
www.whitepeoplepress.com/subscribe.
Direct all other subscription inquiries or questions about purchasing *The White People's Quarterly* or any of our other publications to:
contact@whitepeoplepress.com.

The White People's Quarterly (ISSN - (print), ISSN - (online), Volume 1, Number 2). Published four times per year (Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter) by The White People Press, LLC. © 2019, all rights reserved. Printed in the USA. No part of this publication may be used without written permission from the publisher. The pictures included in *The White People's Quarterly* are either submitted to us or believed to be in the public domain and used in accordance with the Fair Use Act. If copyrighted material has been used the copyright holder must provide written communication detailing the infringement so that the material can be removed. We make every effort to avoid misspellings and errors. If, however, any errors come to your attention, please accept our apology and notify us.

Celebrating
Gender Complementarity

WhiteDate.Net

The inaugural issue of *The White People's Quarterly*, released in the Summer of 2019, was met with enormous support from the greater community and beat out all of its summer issue competitors based on social media metrics. This included quarterly magazines published by organizations with hundreds of thousands and even millions of followers, like *The Paris Review*, *McSweeney's Quarterly Concern*, *Tin House*, and others. For this early success, we owe our friends out there an enormous debt of gratitude.

These results prove that are winning online spaces, that the Old Guard is obsolete, and that a growing number are realizing that there is absolutely nothing wrong with explicitly defending the interests of white people, despite the fact that such expressions remain the ultimate taboo within the West. We must break through that barrier and assert that we as white people have every right to not only be proud of who we are, but to fight back against those who attack us.

We are normal, hard-working people who have a voice and a positive self-identity, and *The White People's Quarterly* is a representation of that. As the holiday season reaches its peak, we are thus excited to bring you our Fall / Winter issue. The theme is "Poesy," which is an archaic literary term for "poetry." You will in turn find in the Focus section (p. 23) six poems by the following writers: J.C. Adams, Luka Calgues, Donald Kent, and Jared George.

Featured articles by the KosChertified? Staff, Gene Tester, Hektor Troy, and Jeff Winston respectively cover the topics of the kosher certification industry, consumer DNA testing, mythos, and artistic critique. The issue also includes an interview with musician Jack Hwite, a rundown of the Last Message to the West video contest courtesy of Jared George and Lovely Porridge, short stories by Mina Therese and Paul Marlais, an excerpt from Josh Neal's latest book, and a Q&A with Based British, the creator of the 10-hour documentary *Apotheosis of Evil*, along with ads from our sponsors WhiteDate.net and Mighty White Soap Co.

We hope you enjoy the issue, and our team wishes you, your friends, and your loved ones a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,

Tony Vermont
Editor in Chief

Tony Vermont

LAST MESSAGE TO THE WEST VIDEO CONTEST

The contest that spawned a new video library of nationalist content you can share with your friends and family

LastMessageToTheWest.com

BY JARED GEORGE

IMAGES COURTESY OF LOVELY PORRIDGE

What if we told talented content creators that they had to make one last video to convince people of the severity of the situation the West currently faces, but knew their videos would be played to millions around the world?

This was the thought experiment that Australia's Lovely Porridge posited to me in private back in May, after appearing on an episode of *The After Party* livestream I host with Jason Köhne of No White Guilt.

Porridge had wanted to make such a video himself, but kicked around the idea of expanding it into a contest. The project would highlight the censorship we face via the premise of making "one last video before being banned"—but also would challenge creators to envision high stakes. We'd imagine that before the censorship hammer fell, their videos would be played in stadiums, airports, during television commercial breaks, and other means of mass communication.

The contest would also provide camaraderie, friendly competition, and create a library of videos that the audience could then use to help wake up friends and family.

I saw the potential and agreed to organize the contest with Porridge. His vision proved prescient, as a few weeks later, the infamous Vox Adpocalypse hit on June 5th.

On that day, many white-positive content creators on YouTube had certain videos taken down, saw their channels de-monetized, or worse, had their channels deleted entirely.

My original YouTube channel, *The Great Order,* fell into the latter category, being taken out in one fell swoop despite no warnings or current strikes, for "repeated and severe hate speech violations."

For anyone new to me, I invite you to go view the videos on my site or livestreams I host and see for yourself what a hate-filled guy I am.

Spurned on by this incident, we announced the "Last Message to the West" video contest in the summer, setting a deadline of October 15th. Aside from Porridge submitting his video that would be exempt from the cash prize, six initial participants agreed, helping establish early interest and credibility.

kindred creators

THE SIX INITIAL PARTICIPANTS:

- ☐ POSEIDON
- ☐ LIV HEIDE OF WHITEDATE.NET
- ☐ MIMIR'S BRUNNR
- ☐ SEMIOGOGUE
- ☐ MARTIN WILLETT
- ☐ JASON KÖHNE

A modest prize of $200 USD was set, and participants were given some parameters.

These included keeping the videos to around five minutes in length, avoiding unnecessary branding, and some general common sense guidelines that would help maximize potential to reach new people while minimizing infighting. The guidelines also outlined blatant violations of big tech TOS that would immediately cut our ability to share the project on their platforms.

We also recommended the video makers invoke a sense of unity, solidarity around the Western world, and while acknowledging the obvious crisis, lead to something positive, inspiring, and proactive.

Throughout the summer and early autumn we kept people informed at intervals. Porridge established a new channel dedicated to the contest, *Kindred Creators*, on both YouTube and BitChute, where he published updates and announcements.

During the summer as word spread, a few initial donors volunteered funds to increase the prize pool.

First among these was a gentleman who uses the moniker "Lord of the Frogs" on social media. He also volunteered his tech talents by offering to build a website where the videos would eventually be hosted and viewers could vote.

We'd hoped for a good mixture of known content creators and newcomers, and that's exactly what we got. Ten to fifteen entries would have constituted a great turnout, but when all was said and done, we'd received twenty nine videos.

After the October 15th deadline, the initial phase

LastMessageToTheWest.com

of promoting the videos was set to begin—or so we thought.

The plan was to schedule Premieres of each video on the dedicated YouTube channel, giving the audience time to anticipate and digest each entry.

Someone at YouTube must have been onto us, as that platform/publisher/tool of the regime deleted the *Kindred Creators* contest channel after just the first day of video premieres, on October 18th.

We knew of course that we couldn't count on every video having a very long lifespan on YouTube, but had at least hoped to use that platform for a couple of weeks to promote the contest.

Incidentally, our contest channel was taken down the day after Red Ice's main YouTube channel was deleted.

With an eerie symmetry, our project, formulated around the time of June's Vox Adpocalypse, came into its final phase just as another round of de-platforming hit. It should be mentioned that other channels, including those of participants like Liv of WhiteDate.net and Poseidon, got deleted by YouTube at odd times during the summer.

Someone at YouTube must have been onto us, as that platform/publisher/tool of the regime deleted the Kindred Creators contest channel after just the first day of video premieres, on October 18th

A few days following the contest channel deletion, Porridge and I were on a stream to explain what was happening and hopefully keep the audience's interest and attention on the contest. The dedicated website was not quite ready yet.

The immediate deletion by YouTube had proved our point for us, underscoring Porridge's original vision to craft messages as if they were our last.

True to form for the community I've come to know in my advocacy and work in online media, we received overwhelming support. Several hundred dollars in donations flowed in during that livestream, again adding to the prize fund. Some donors earmarked their funds to create new prize levels.

Please bear in mind that Porridge and I did not get on air to ask for money; the livestream was simply meant to be an update. The donations were all voluntary and spontaneous, making it a triumphant night that bucked against YouTube's attempts to demoralize us.

In November we announced the website where the public could vote and where all the contest videos were hosted—embedded via BitChute, which had been our plan all along.

Website designer, Lord of the Frogs, created clever ways to protect the site against mass bot voting and other such nuisances. He also programmed the voting so that the more videos someone voted on, the more their vote counted.

Additional spontaneous donations yet again poured in over the remaining days, making the final prize funds as follows:

- ☐ 1ST 700 USD
- ☐ 2ND 400 USD
- ☐ 3RD 300 USD
- ☐ 4TH 200 USD
- ☐ 5TH 200 USD

Voting was set to close on November 28th, Thanksgiving Day in the US, but due to the audience's request, was extended through that weekend.

In the contest promotions and the website's About page, we asked voters to choose the videos they thought would be most effective for a wide audience to become more sympathetic to and understanding of our views.

The competitive element of a contest made it fun, drew some attention, and we were of course delighted to present the talented video makers with their prize monies, especially during Yule time.

But far and away, the best part is that we all now have this library of powerful videos with varying styles.

Over 2,500 votes were cast for the video contest winners:

- ☐ 1ST PLACE: ASHA LOGOS, "A LAST MESSAGE TO THE WEST?"
- ☐ 2ND: POSEIDON: "LAST MESSAGE TO THE WEST"
- ☐ 3RD: MIMIR'S BRUNNR, "COME HOME"
- ☐ 4TH WAY OF THE WORLD: "HOW THE WEST ENDS"
- ☐ 5TH DAUGHTER OF ALBION: "WHICH WAY WHITE MAN?"

In November we announced the website where the public could vote and where all the contest videos were hosted—embedded via BitChute, which had been our plan all along: LastMessageToTheWest.com

Please use those videos and the associated *Kindred Creators* BitChute channel as outreach to your friends and family, and to inspire and remind you of what's most important.

We also have letters of acknowledgment available on that site for donors, participants, and the winners.

Porridge and I feel that the contest proved a resounding success on all levels.

We got what we had hoped

Please use those videos hosted at

LastMessageToTheWest.com

and the associated Kindred Creators BitChute channel as outreach to your friends and family, and to inspire and remind you of what's most important

for in having many high-quality entries, as well as strong support in the form of people voting and sharing.

But we couldn't anticipate the extra story arc of overcoming the hurdles of censorship and the powerful testimony of spontaneous support that we received from the general audience.

During the middle of 2019 when I saw some people despondent and saying things like "not much is happening," I realized that I'm in a subset of this whole scene that demonstrates a remarkable amount of positivity and agency.

For this project and others, I've had the pleasure and honor of working with several people who have stepped forth to volunteer time, talent, resources, and most importantly, follow through.

Being that this audience and community is largely the result of Jason Köhne's leadership by example, I must acknowledge and thank him. I invite anyone reading to come see what we are doing.

Of course, the contest and resultant morale boosts and video library would never have happened without the vision of Lovely Porridge, whose own channel is now *Ruination Media* (he's also no stranger to de-platforming).

We had no idea how this would all work out when we initially announced the contest idea and October 15 deadline back in the summer.

This project can hopefully prove to others that if you commit to a vision and put one foot in front of the other, people will be drawn to help and contribute. Of course, I always encourage discernment in assessing someone's character, trusting your gut in such matters, and being the type of person you yourself would want to work with.

Porridge and I both deeply thank everyone involved—this was so much more than we could have imagined. ■

Traditional Eggnog

From Ashley MacDonald
@HighlandsAshley

Ingredients:

1/2 cup sugar
1/4 tsp salt
2 tsp vanilla
1/2 tsp nutmet
6 eggs*, separated
2 cups brandy
1 cup milk

Directions:

1. Beat together egg yolks, salt, vanilla, nutmeg, and **1/4** cup of sugar
2. Beat in brandy and milk
3. Cover and chill overnight
4. Before serving create a meringue by beating the egg whites until soft peaks form
5. Add the remaining sugar to your cream and beat again until soft peaks form
6. Pour the cream over your egg yolk mixture, garnish with nutmeg

*Use raw eggs

The first known use of the term "eggnog" comes from Maryland philologist Jonathan Boucher's poem about the drink from 1775.

Fog-drams i' th' morn, or (better still) egg-nogg,
At night hot-suppings, and at mid-day, grogg . . .

"I PLAY THE BANJO."

Those were the four words on the screen. So the (musically curious) Handsome Horse (one half of dissident duo *the Mamas & the Pepes*), went and checked out Jack Hwite's channel and there he found raw, intense, original music. Just a man and his banjo. And a deep, gravelly voice adding powerful words to an effortlessly constructed song. It was described to me thus: "Imagine the execution of a simple brushstroke that belies a mastery of the art uncomplicated by embellishment or need for correction."

Then a little bird (or was it a horse?) suggested a song of Jack Hwite's be played on the White Art Collective's weekly Saturday Night Livestream. Now Mr. Hwite's music is often featured on the stream and his songs have been shared and enjoyed by dissidents all over the webosphere.

I put a shout-out to musicmaker Jack Hwite to find out what makes him (and his banjo) tick.

@ mamaspepes
mamaspepes.bandcamp.com

Mama: May I call you Jack?

Jack: You shall address me as Mr. Jack. Just kidding, course you can, fam. We're friends I reckon, or would be. I'm a big fan of *the Mamas & the Pepes*, as you know. You guys are part of my story now, too. And thanks for asking me to do this by the way, really appreciate it, and I'm very glad it's you. Not gonna lie, though, feels a little odd calling you Mama (if I may), since that's my real mama's title and all, but these are strange times to be living. I guess most of us edgy dissidents are stuck with clandestine pseudonyms and alts while the beast abides. Hopefully we can just openly be ourselves someday soon. I believe we will.

Mama: When did you start making music?

Jack: Well, it was a bit over a year ago. It always starts because of a woman of course, haha. I had written a song or two on guitar before, but nothing serious. These songs surprised me, really. I mean, I was surprised that I could write something raw like that, and that they kept coming. Initially I wasn't doing it with any thought about sharing them; it was an outlet for myself during a rough patch. A bit like a prayer, or something. I could afford to be truthful since it was just me; there was no wider consideration, if that makes sense. Not that I care all that much now that I'm out, about being guarded that is. I'm starting to get comfy actually.

A young Jack Hwite

@ JackHwite
JacquesLeBlanc.bandcamp.com

"I know SkyKing's—Richard Russell's—voice sounds lighthearted at the beginning of Jack Hwite's reflective piece, 'Ballad of a SkyKing,' but the song's profound spirit wet my eyes. Russell was not lighthearted. He was gripped by gallows humor. He had a final laugh for the torment and torture of a life cursed by antiwhites, a life that he saw no point in living. Jack's piece melodically captured the insouciance of liberated misery with a tempo and tone that has stayed with me. Though yet to be written, I imagine that in some impossible place and time Jack's Ballad of a SkyKing was the only sound echoing through that quiet forest as the final pieces of the plane's wreckage fell back to earth upon Richard Russell's final deed."

Jason Köhne
@ NoWhiteGuiltNWG

Mama: Why the banjo?

Jack: Accident, fate, you tell me. Until a bit over a year ago I'd never even held one. It's a fairly banal story to be honest. Basically my brother was moving house and asked me to store some of his guitars and whatnot, and among these was a six-string banjo he'd randomly picked up somewhere. I guess it was love at first sight: the twang, the crunchy percussiveness, the country vibe. I sort of divorced my guitar pretty quick. When he came calling a couple months later for his stuff, I told him it wasn't going anywhere, haha. I told him it was a tax for storage services. He took it fairly well, thankfully. I let him play it sometimes if he's over.

Mama: Why do you make music?

Jack: Hmmm. . . . Initially I sort of had to, early on anyways. I went through a bit of a rough patch, as I said. Gradually becoming redpilled, then black-pilled, proved to be disrupting to my life in the end, personally, psychologically, etc. Being a man and all, I didn't want to talk about my situation or explain myself to anyone, so I isolated myself as best I could. That's when I started writing. I didn't really have much else at the time to see me through; writing a song and the lyrics could occupy me, get me out of myself for days/weeks on end. I just thought if I can keep doing this for long enough, I can hopefully weather this. Transformative experiences tend to involve some pain, unfortunately, haha. The happy ending to this, though, is that because music is quite an intimate thing, when I started to share it I began to make some friends in our circles; people can relate to you through music without knowing you personally. It gave me a way into the community. It was your very own Handsome Horse that found me shilling my wares on Gab and put me in touch with the White Art Collective. That was really the best thing that could have happened to me. I just wanted to find my peeps and contribute something, however small.

Mama: Is it just you, or do you work with anyone else on your songs?

Jack: Just me and my banjo for company. My production is admittedly low-tier, partly because I had to figure that out, too. I also dislike that side of it, I still find it an effort; I'm not really a technical guy. I remember watching videos on how to use the software, and how to mix, etc.

> Jack Hwite's songs are the soundtrack for drinking whiskey and plotting elaborate life-changing mistakes. He rakes the banjo and shoots shrapnel into your soul. He sings with a quiet intensity of sorrow, loss, and resenentment, with a saving dash of aloof humor.
> - The Handsome Horse of *the Mamas & the Pepes*

It was like going down the rabbit hole. In the end, I kind of gave up trying to be good at it and kept it simple. Bit of EQ, bit of reverb. . . . Also, my recording equipment is all just stuff I could find lying around, or steal from my brother. DIY nationalism.

Mama: Why do you champion the cause of the white man?

Jack: Why do I fight for my people? I mean do we even need to explain ourselves anymore? This question is like bait for many, the temptation being to explain and justify why we should exist, when the reasons are so very obvious, if you look. I could formulate a factual argument here, but what's the point? Let's change the frame, let's be honest, assertive, and unapologetic, we know we're facing ruin and extinction in our own home, and we know who is responsible for this. I want truth, justice, and our survival guaranteed. I want us to end the lies and the parasitism, so we can be ourselves again and get back on track. Hopefully this time we'll fix this recurrence once and for all. At the end of the day, though, I just love wipeepo, basically. That's my fundamental and truest argument. Intellectual wrangling and nuance don't really matter in the face of death. I

fight for my peeps—that is moral, right, and true in and of itself—we don't need any justification beyond that imao.

Mama: What are your goals for your music? What are your dreams for saving us?

Jack: I have no grand ambitions regarding my music. If I gain any traction I expect I'll get banned just like you [*the Mamas & the Pepes*] did. Also, I honestly don't consider myself a proper musician. I'm not being disingenuous; all I know is I'm tapping into some sugary dopamine when I write a nice melody or pen a good lyric. Music has always been something addictive to me. Beyond that, I see it now as mostly a means to make friends and pass the time till the day of judgement.
Lastly, I just want to say thank you to *The White People's Quarterly* for the great work you're doing for us. Big hail! ■

FOCUS

POESY

PO'ESY, noun [Latin poesis; Gr. to make.]

1. The art or skill of composing poems; as, the heavenly gift of poesy.

2. Poetry; metrical composition.

Music and poesy used to quicken you.

- -

[Webster's Dictionary 1848]

Three poems by J.C. Adams

J.C. Adams is a Southron of Briton and Norman descent residing in Appalachia. He has also been published on Atop the Cliffs.

Beyond the Noise of Men

Again the fields and shores will rest
beyond the noise of men
From stardust rise and belly bellow, the siren calls of youth
Busy breaking soil and timber, hammers that hand commands
Marching blocs and wrathful herald lead to greater clangor
Then come cannon and missile and bolder howls of the very
same callous men
Soldierly, and oft misled, their spark snuffed in clamor
No sooner does doe notice or salmon reckon, no sooner do
crows stammer
Again the forest goes to rest, Empire's collapse as breeze
Everyone that came before, silenced under root and tree
Again the fields and shores will rest
beyond the noise of men

J.C. Adams

The Thinning Stream

L'Allegro, by Thomas Cole (1845)

Kudzu flesh fought the hole time bore,
and the river became the rivulet
Still, the thinning stream moves through me
Though my pall fingers fail to fallow the land, and my marks become a trace,
The swell of the stream surges under palm, and deadline drumming haunts the closing corridor
Focus, a honing rod that nails the dreamer's doors shut
The time for clean hands is over
Radiance throws thoracic wide, and doves splay out to the ends of their chains
They float their subtle songs on the stream for a time, their tiny eyes blind to the heath
And the page does taste splendor
Finally, time's nagging hand decrees the thinning stream effete
Skin thins, and spine withers
body breaks pointing palms to heaven,
and the thinning stream ferries me away

J.C. Adams

We Will Remind Them

The Course of Empire - The Savage State, by Thomas Cole (1833)

The cause flocks over the minds of men
Dormant atavism rekindles their fighting spines,
Ordering the rows of their marching boots

Crimson ribbon roads coated in the blood of kin
National tolerance bankrupt in the boroughs
Overshadowed by hijacked banners, and the loud lies
Shamelessly calling for suicide

All the capitol's cannons now face the courtyard,
Bombing the builder's children
The civil war spectated by imported fuel, howling voodoo
chants in counterpoint with the crossfire

Preemptive Trojan horse leadership finds traitor's fate,
Faster than the high treasonous
Law becomes the laughing stock, and old feuds the dividend
Bosch's final triptych blushes and the carrion birds do the burying
Who amongst us doesn't herald war?

Foundations from ruin
Branch from blood
Heirs from conquest
Sovereignty from slaughter

We will remind them

J.C. Adams

DONALD KENT

HONESTY'S LAMENT

Honesty is a lonely murder on the road
Born from the daily grind.
Its light is so bright it can blind.

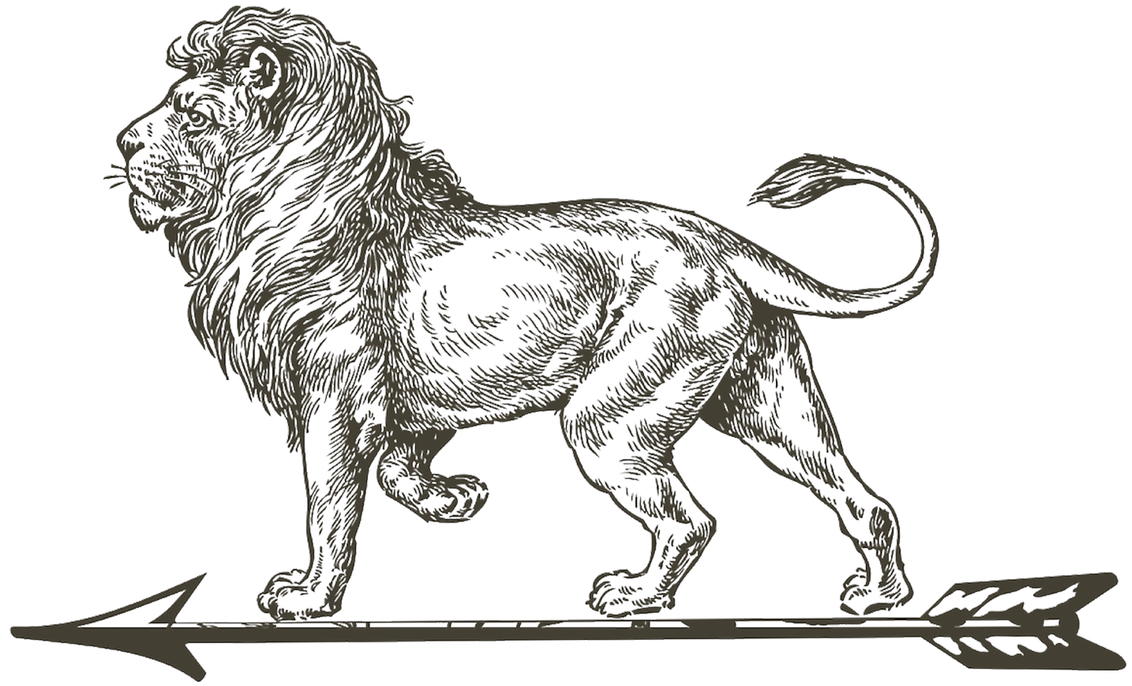
He is a stuntman movie stars exploit
while television children cheer,
artists embrace what gladiators fear.

In gin soaked dreams, Honesty is when we talk about love
like new lovers in golden layers of truth, while
cynics surgically remove its infinite smile.

Honesty is the judge when defending your life,
To gods in white sheets driving golf carts;
overpaid lawyers without hearts.

Honesty is a luxury spent before it is earned,
for the illusory world is run by a twisted math,
martyrs for truth earn the King's wrath.

Dare to speak your truth and you won't fit the mold,
for citizenship requires the foot fit shoe
the King's truth doesn't require it to be true



DONALD KENT holds a BFA in Painting and studied traditional Asian painting in Japan and Taiwan. He also holds a degree in Art Education and Masters degree in Educational Technology, and has been in the teaching field for over twenty years. He has been a successful musician, freelance designer, and comic book illustrator since 2003.
On the web at **AmericanZarathustra.com**

Birds in the Air

Luka Calgues

"It isn't fair, it isn't fair," said a fox in the forest,
His head a'swiveling on a stick.
"Too much danger in these parts," he said.
"All this worrying has my family sick."
"What worry?" cawed a crow as he looked down from a tree,
His beaked curved down to its end.
"I see nothing but harmony for all below me,
There is peace in our forest my friend."
"With all due respect, peace there is not,"
Said the fox looking up to the crow.
"Though you make the rules we critters must follow,
Much has changed here down below."
"The wolves you let in, they are an unsavory bunch,
The jackals do not make good neighbors.
It's been a whole year since my dear sister disappeared,
There is no mystery to that caper."
"Be careful," said the crow as he moved a branch higher,
"Such talk could earn you your shackles.
The wolves were in need and everyone can see,
That you are just anti-jackal."
"It is true I am biased, It is true I am mad,
But we have suffered much," said the fox.
You live in the trees out of reach of these fiends,
While we must hide under rocks."
"Your tone make me nervous," said the crow to the fox,
"I feel attacked and unsafe around you."
Did you forget it's illegal to question a crow,
After all we crows have been through?"
"No critter shall question a crow,
According to forest law five.
I can have you arrested and shamed by the forest,
Unless you apologize."

But the fox had enough, he stood silent and true.
This caused other crows to flock to the branch.
Worried and angry at the fox's dissent,
They knew what was best for their clan.
It was then that crows called for the wolves,
And the jackals to make the arrest.
The fox was led away to a cave for many days,
And the crows, they retired to their nest.
Justice is not guaranteed at all times and all places,
Nothing can be promised to be fair.
Especially when the rules for the critters on the ground,
Are written by the birds in the air.

Luka Calgues is a former cop and a proud father who writes dissident poems for his children.

@LCalgues

A PROMISE

BY JARED GEORGE

ART: HESPERUS, THE EVENING STAR, SACRED TO LOVERS
BY SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, 1857

Ivory lace
and life-bent trees
and garden sighs.
Just we two, alone,
all one.
A sun and
a moon.

Storied face,
though young.
And kisses placed
and fingers run.
Our inner space.

Soon.

JARED GEORGE MAKES VIDEOS, LIVESTREAMS, POEMS, ARTICLES, SHIRTS AND MORE, PRESENTED VIA THEGREATORDER.COM AND ASSOCIATED SOCIAL MEDIA ACCOUNTS. FOLLOW JARED GEORGE: THEGREATORDER.COM

BY MINA THERESE

Recently I spent several hours in a waiting room while one of my loved ones underwent minor surgery. The facility was clean, the staff knowledgeable and efficient, and the waiting area comfortable and well-appointed. The modern muted golds and browns and tasteful, patterned wallpaper gave just a hint of the 1970s without being garish. There was even a coffee station with complimentary fresh brewed coffee that was surprisingly not terrible. As is sadly (and infuriratingly) obligatory nowadays, the waiting room was also furnished with an unavoidable and inescapable gargantuan flat-panel wall-mounted obscenely loud television. There was no "quiet area" to be found, despite the bright yellow signs outside the building:

QUIET—HOSPITAL ZONE.

The waiting room was a rectangle to the left of the reception area, with the entrance to the operating rooms off to the right. Along the back wall were large windows that ran the length of the rear wall. Nearly floor-to-ceiling, they were covered by blinds that were about a quarter of the way spun open to let in a pleasing, but not glaring, amount of light. I scanned the room to find the best spot for me to set up shop for a few hours.

Every chair in the room faced the television.

I made my way to the back corner of the room farthest from the chattering "idiot box" as Granny used to call it. All of the chairs had their backs to the windows. I pulled on my chair to try to spin it to face the windows, but it was attached at the leg to the next chair, and the next chair, and the next. Alas. At least in the back row I could look over my shoulder to glance outside on occasion.

After L__ was taken back for surgery I situated myself and my things and put in earplugs. (I always have a pair of high-quality foam earplugs with me so I can grocery shop sans Muzak and read in loud waiting rooms like this one.) Reducing the television noise by 32 dB did not help much. The blathering from the box on the wall was incessant and intrusive. After a futile attempt at reading the book I'd brought along, I wandered over to the coffee station. Glancing out the windows on my way back to my little home for the next few hours, I barely discerned some grey clouds forming. I thought it might rain later. I sat back down and pulled a pair of unhemmed pants and my sewing accoutrements out of my bag and started to thread a needle.

Time passed.

A nurse called me up to the desk to tell me that the surgery went well and that L__ was in recovery and expected to be discharged in about two hours or so. I walked back to my seat and the windows greeted me with a sudden cloudburst. The dark clouds I saw earlier coalesced into a proper storm while I was otherwise occupied. I peered out and looked down to the ground. We were on the fourth floor and I could see trees lining the road and a section of the full parking lot. The wind ruffled the tops of the trees. A jeep with a kayak strapped to the top swiftly made its way down the main road a short distance away, splashing through new puddles as it went. An elderly woman in a wheelchair was pushed down the canopied sidewalk in front of the building to a waiting van. Life was happening. A storm had started ... behind me ... and I had been facing the other way.

Am I too distracted (or too comfortable) that I am missing life? What else am I missing? Storms? Successes? Threats?

Our future depends on *all* of us turning away from the carefully manufactured mainstream diversions and paying attention to life. Our community will atrophy without it.

It takes concerted effort to shun the noise, step out from behind the protective glass, and work toward achieving our shared goals. We need to face the storm.

Together. ■

"I made my way to the back corner of the room farthest from the chattering "idiot box" .... as Granny used to call it .... All of the chairs had their backs to the windows...."

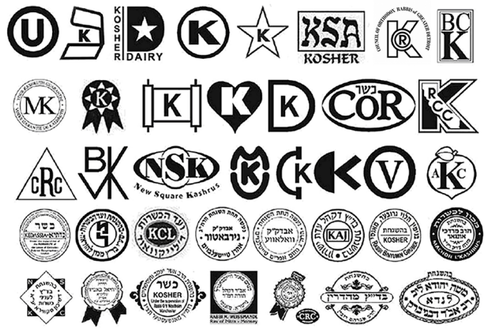
Calling it the Kosher Tax? Hogwash!

by the KosChertified?® Staff

Predominance. Control. Authority. Hegemony. These are all synonyms for the word Supremacy, and in today's polite society there only seems to be one community or target that is undeservedly smeared with the term. This calumny makes up an enormous part of mainstream media, social media, political campaigns, and late-night comedy shows, and likely causes many innocent people to feel guilt. You, the reader, are probably sick and tired of hearing about "fake" or factually unsupported supremacy, so let's take some time and focus on the true supremacy found in your everyday lives: the kosher certification industry.

Almost one century after its first appearance in the mass-produced food market with Heinz Vegetarian Beans, the kosher certification industry is still booming, despite few knowing about it. While most consumers think that kosher-certified foods are only found in the "Kosher" section of a supermarket, the truth will surprise them! Kosher certification is *the most common certification seal* you'll find on any supermarket product, even on inedibles like aluminum foil, plastic food wrap, sandwich bags, dish soap, and dishwasher detergent. There are well over one million items kosher certified, and your supermarket cart will certainly have a *predominant* amount of kosher seals staring at you from their product labels . . . whether

you see them is another story. They are extremely small and can be obscure to unwitting buyers since they rarely spell out "KOSHER" in a legible-sized font. The KosChertified? staff recently completed its Critical Study on Kosher Certification Seals, and concluded that kosher seals are the *least visible seals* found on typical products. Their average area measures about one tenth (1/10) that of any other certification seal (e.g. NON-GMO, Gluten-Free, Good Housekeeping, USDA ORGANIC, etc.), and one third (1/3) that of the average recycle symbol. In fact, of the nine distinct areas we analyzed—including size, color, impact, thickness, front-viewable or not, total side exposure, co-location with other seals, clusters, and accompanying text—the kosher seals were consistently on the low extreme. This low visibility translates into low transparency, keeping the typical consumer unaware of dominant kosher certification. In other words, most people are *Kosher Unaware!* It's no wonder that only ten percent (10%) of the Costco members we surveyed recognized the most common Kosher seal in the world—that of OU Kosher (Orthodox Union).



Kosher Certification Seals

This brings us to *control*. There must be a great deal of control over the parties in play with kosher certification agencies. Many companies have to shut down their plant for an entire day to kasher[1] their equipment prior to submitting to rabbinical oversight of the operation. This is most certainly costly. Of course, the ingredients are highly scrutinized to meet not only Torah[2]-based religious laws, but also Talmudic laws. The sources for ingredients very well may be controlled by the

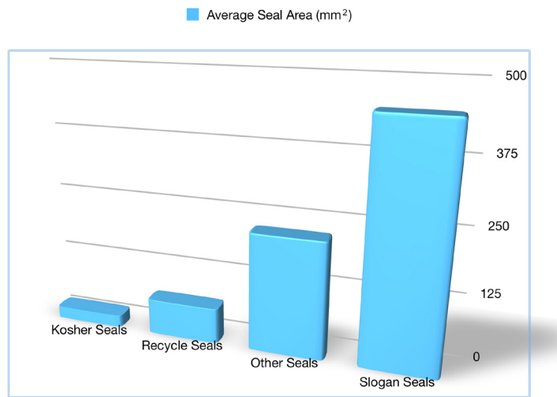
KosChertified?'s Critical Study of Costco's Kirkland proprietary brand products found the OU Kosher Seal on nearly every item

kosher agencies themselves, ensuring a seamless kosherized network that meets their requirements and trust. Spot inspections are normal, and failing one could force a company into hiring a permanent mashgiach[3] to supervise the plant if certification is desired.

Now, who is controlling the visibility of the kosher seals? Our Critical Study results showed that kosher seals were in a category of their own. Going beyond the 99th percentile in size statistically only equaled one half the size of all other seals. So common sense says that these are purposely controlled in the food industry so as not to be noticed by those not specifically looking for them. On this note, we often find other marketable certifications appearing on nationally viewed TV commercials, but never kosher certification. Somebody is controlling that … keeping the vast majority *Kosher Unaware*. And why is this? We conducted a survey into shopper behavior, asking 500 respondents some general questions regarding certifications. The results revealed that 39% of shoppers do not want any religious organizations meddling with the food they buy. And another 19% would desire a higher transparency on the label when this occurs. Now, that's 58% of shoppers that are clearly not getting what they want on almost every popular or essential supermarket purchase. So is this why the food industry is doing everything they can to keep you in the dark?

We found proof as well that the large food distribution companies[4] may be playing a large, controlling role in mandating kosher certification. If a company wants its product loaded onto the truck to be delivered to the supermarket, it may behoove them to have it religiously certified regardless of what the consumers think! This sheds light on the relationship between kosher agencies, distribution chains, and supermarkets—one that only an insider could divulge, making this operation secretive and perhaps even conspiratorial!

This leads us to *authority*. When the contractual requirements of the kosher agencies or Vaads[5] are not met, they typically send out Alerts. This can be on their web page or social media, or in a publication like *Kashrus Magazine* (which puts out The Kosher Supervision Guide—Your Guide to the 1,427 Kosher Agencies Worldwide). Alerts are clear warnings not only to the observant kosher-keepers, but also to the companies at fault that "corrective action is being implemented."[6] Locally, though, authority over an establishment may exert itself through other means, such as that described in a New York *Daily News* article[7] from December 10, 2018 that read: "A popular Jewish comic from Brooklyn was booted from two different eateries because the local kosher police threatened to yank their religious stamp of approval on the food..." This article was written by a Jewish journalist, Reuven Blau, who described the certifying authority as the "Kosher Nostra." Clearly there exists a powerful influence in this business, because the owners of these establishments acquiesced!



The average area of a kosher certified seal measures about one tenth (1/10) the average of any other certification and even one third (1/3) the average recycle symbol

KosChertified?®

We conducted a survey into shopper behavior, asking 500 respondents some general questions regarding certifications. The results revealed that 39% of shoppers do not want any religious organizations meddling with the food they buy. Another 19% would desire a higher transparency on the label when this occurs. Now that's 58% of shoppers that are clearly not getting what they want on almost every popular or essential supermarket purchase.

Lastly, we examine the *hegemony* of this food sub-sector. The religious, cultural, political, and economic manifestations of kosher certification are immense. Revenue from it, tax free, flows into myriad programs[8] for the Jewish community. And even though financials are (also) not transparent, it appears that kosher money may have helped fund certain Birthright Israel trips, Israeli Defense Force care packages and recreation, security programs, and brick & mortar political advocacy organizations with open-door access to key government officials. How much consumers contribute to this, we will never know under the current paradigm. When we ask companies or agencies, the answer we typically get is that this is "proprietary or confidential information."

The essence of "Kosher" has seeped into the cultural hegemony in America, whereas the press and Hollywood have done a good job at branding the word's meaning as something "good and approved," even outside of religious dietary law. The term is very popular and used casually and frequently in our vernacular for almost any topic of conversation, despite the population's ignorance of massive kosher certification under their very noses.

Since the KosChertified? app has identified

KosChertified?®

The purpose of the KosChertified Critical Study is to examine the Kosher Seals themselves in order to determine if any light can be shed on why there is such a disparity between the growth of the industry and the public's awareness of it.

relatively few NKC (NOT Kosher Certified) products, it's safe to say that the kosher certification industry has hegemony over supermarkets and their customers. But this influence not only extends over the U.S., but also to Asian and other international food producers clamoring to get kosher certified in order to help get their goods on America-bound ships.

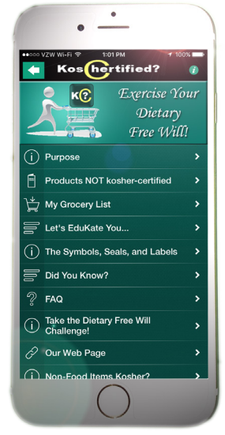
Politics is not detached from the kosher certification industry. A notable felon, rabbi Sholom Rubashkin of Agriprocessors, a kosher meatpacking plant in Iowa, had many prominent congressional supporters (like Nancy Pelosi) convince President Trump to commute his 27-year sentence on bank fraud[9] soon after his inauguration. Also politically related, the Orthodox Union, umbrella group to the world's largest kosher agency, published in their 110th Anniversary Convention Resolutions their desire to commute the sentence of notorious spy Jonathan Pollard. Could your kosher certification costs have helped him get out early? (He did indeed get out of his life sentence!) This is to say, Kosher money routinely finds its way into politics.

American-produced butter, sugar, flour, cooking spray, olive oil, peanut butter, pancake syrup, mayonnaise, aluminum foil, oatmeal, and often milk—this is a small list of products that you will probably only find kosher certified in your supermarket. Brands of these items free from this religious certification are rare, and it doesn't matter if you are shopping in a small town in Montana with few observant kosher-keepers; the nationally distributed products are all following the same marching orders because the hegemony is widespread, in areas urban and rural.

So the next time you hear Kamala Harris ranting about *supremacy*, just laugh it off! Here we have laid out the essential characteristics of this word and submitted realistic examples of what hangs over your everyday sustenance. We know that observant kosher-keepers have the privilege of shopping anywhere in the nation and finding an abundance of kosher certified products that meet their ancient and Talmudic dietary laws, all without going to specialty stores. Good for them! But *do they* feel guilty about the rest of the nation paying for it and not having a fair choice? Hmm. Ms. Fishkoff's book *Kosher Nation* didn't raise such concerns, nor could we find any apologetic articles on the web covering kosher guilt at the checkout counter.

There are numerous articles describing the cost of this practice as "The Kosher Tax." We disagree with this assessment, since participating companies are voluntarily paying fees for these services. The use of the term "tax" is just a snub by those unable to describe it as it really is. Instead, it is probably more precise to state that *We are all living under a Kosher Supremacy*. The mainstream system that feeds our people is under an unwavering power structure that limits personal and religious liberties, especially if kosher laws are not your thing or a part of your faith. And now that we are helping you become *Kosher Aware*, it is up to you, the individual consumer, to make a choice. The NKC diet is an alternative, and it suited Europeans for millennia. It is, however, challenging. Finding products NOT Kosher Certified can be near impossible, but with every new discovery the reward reinforces a commitment to the NKC identity. Those using the apps at THEKOSHERQUESTION.COM/ will find many tools to help support NKC choices and grow the NKC community and networks. And who knows, given that almost every candy bar is certified kosher, maybe an NKC lifestyle will be a healthy fit for you! ■

GET IT ON Google Play

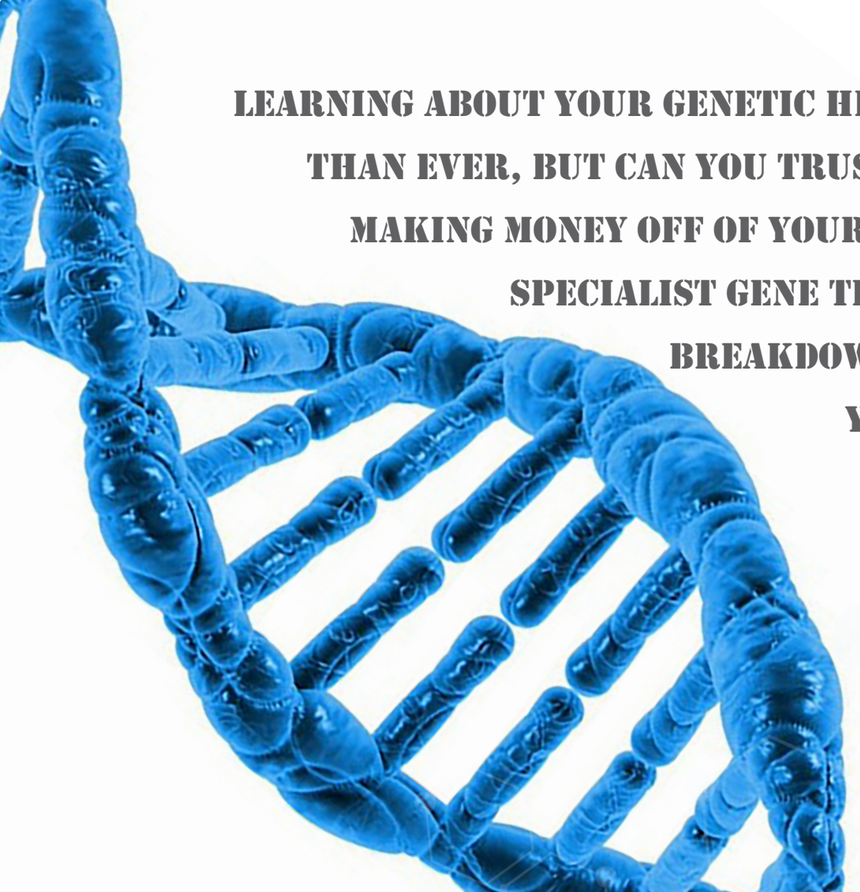


Over One Million Food Products are Kosher Certified! Do You Know Which are Not?

The KosChertified? App is the essential tool for "The Current Year," making you a better informed consumer at the grocery store while giving you a detailed look at The KQ—The Kosher Question. It features a database of products that DO NOT display an obvious kosher certification seal on its label.

1. Kasher: (verb) - to make fit for use according to Jewish law; to render kosher by removing all traces of non-kosher substances through washing, heating, immersion, etc.
2. Torah: In Judaism, the law of God as revealed to Moses and recorded in first five books of the Hebrew scriptures
3. An observant Jew who supervises the Kashrut status of an establishment (Kashrut = body of dietary laws in Judaism)
4. "Kosher Nation: Why More and More of America's Food Answers to a Higher Authority" by Sue Fishkoff, p. 56 - "The owner called back in a panic, saying he had just purchased the company for $20 million, and the distributors were specifically interested in OU supervision so they could place ice cream in major supermarkets".
5. A Vaad is a rabbinical council that often performs local kosher-certification services, for instance with a restaurant or eatery (e.g., many east coast Dunkin' Donuts have their restaurant spaces kosher-certified)
6. For example of Kosher Alerts, see: https://oukosher.org/kosher-alerts/
7. https://www.nydailynews.com/new-york/ny-metro-kosher-restaurant-comic-20181209-story.html
8. https://www.ou.org/
9. https://nypost.com/2017/12/20/trump-commutes-sentence-of-rabbi-convicted-for-bank-fraud/

LEARNING ABOUT YOUR GENETIC HERITAGE IS EASIER THAN EVER, BUT CAN YOU TRUST THE COMPANIES MAKING MONEY OFF OF YOUR CURIOSITY? DATA SPECIALIST GENE TESTER GIVES YOU A BREAKDOWN OF EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE DNA BUSINESS



CONSUMER DNA TESTING

BY GENE TESTER

Direct-

to-consumer sales of DNA test kits to reveal one's ancestry and ethnicity have recently become big business. Many want to know where they come from, and recent tech advances and decreasing costs have made that possible. Not everyone knows how they work, what they do, or whether one can trust the results that come back, so I hope to provide some background to help educate you on the process.

To set the scope for this article, it's important to understand that people have different reasons for consumer DNA testing. An adoptee looking for their biological parents can find an advantage, as can someone only interested in medical information. However, I do not intend to cover these particular uses here.

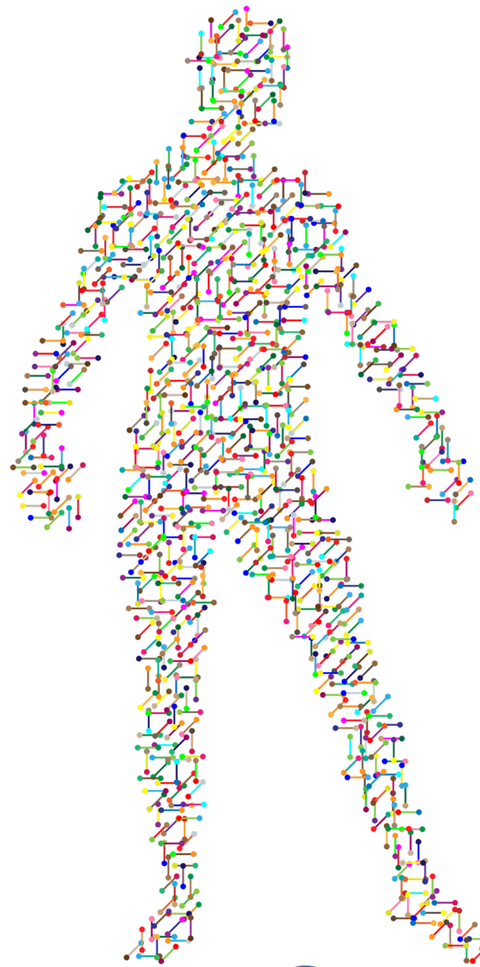
You may also be wondering if these tests put you at any risk. As for physical risks, you really won't find any, as long as you don't stab yourself with a cotton swab or slip on your own saliva. Legal risks remain minimal as well, with the Genetic Information Nondiscrimination Act making it illegal to use genetic information to deny individuals employment or health insurance, while 17 states bar their use in decisions related to life insurance coverage.

Emotional risks, though, should be taken into consideration. A genetic ancestry test may reveal things you did not know or would rather not know, from invalidating family myths or confirming an unexpected ethnicity, to learning of your own adoption. If you opt in to relative-finding features at the test company, you may find relatives you did not know about. Your results may shock your family and overturn a belief they held dear. A test like 23andMe's that includes medical reports may reveal increased risk of Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, or cancer, but choosing a non-medical test company like FamilyTreeDNA or AncestryDNA means you won't even be testing those genes. Only you can know or predict your response to the unexpected information these tests may give you.

A test like 23andMe that includes medical reports may reveal increased risk of Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, or cancer

So what about ethnicity and ancestry testing? Of the several types of tests these companies offer (paternal line Y-DNA testing, maternal line mitochondrial DNA testing, and autosomal testing), autosomal testing, which looks at more of your DNA, not just that specific to one parental line, will give you the most ethnicity-based information. Once you order a test or receive one as a gift, you provide a genetic sample and mail it back to the lab. You will first register your kit using the identification code on the tube or vial label on the test company's website. FamilyTreeDNA and MyHeritage will then send a sterile cotton swab with a vial to store it in when shipping it back. To test, you rub the swab back and forth against the inside of your cheek with enough pressure to transfer some skin cells from your cheek to the swab. Try not to rub so hard that you draw blood, as that will only make it more difficult for the lab to process your sample. Instead of a swab, tests from 23andMe and AncestryDNA use a saliva kit. These will look like a small test tube with a fill line and a fluid-filled cap. The cap contains a buffering and extraction solution that you should not disturb yet. You will need to spit into the test tube until the liquid reaches the fill line. Once you have enough in the tube, close and seal it up, either by snapping the fold-over lid shut or twisting the cap on, as needed. When you close the tube, this will pierce the cap and drain it into the tube with your saliva, and the solution will begin extracting and preserving the DNA in your sample. You may need to invert the tube a couple times to mix if instructed.

Whether your test comes with a swab or a saliva tube, wait at least half an hour after eating, drinking, smoking, or vaping before taking your sample. Once you seal the tube or deposit the swab in the vial and attach the label, you will seal it all up in the provided plastic bag, return it to the box, tape it shut,



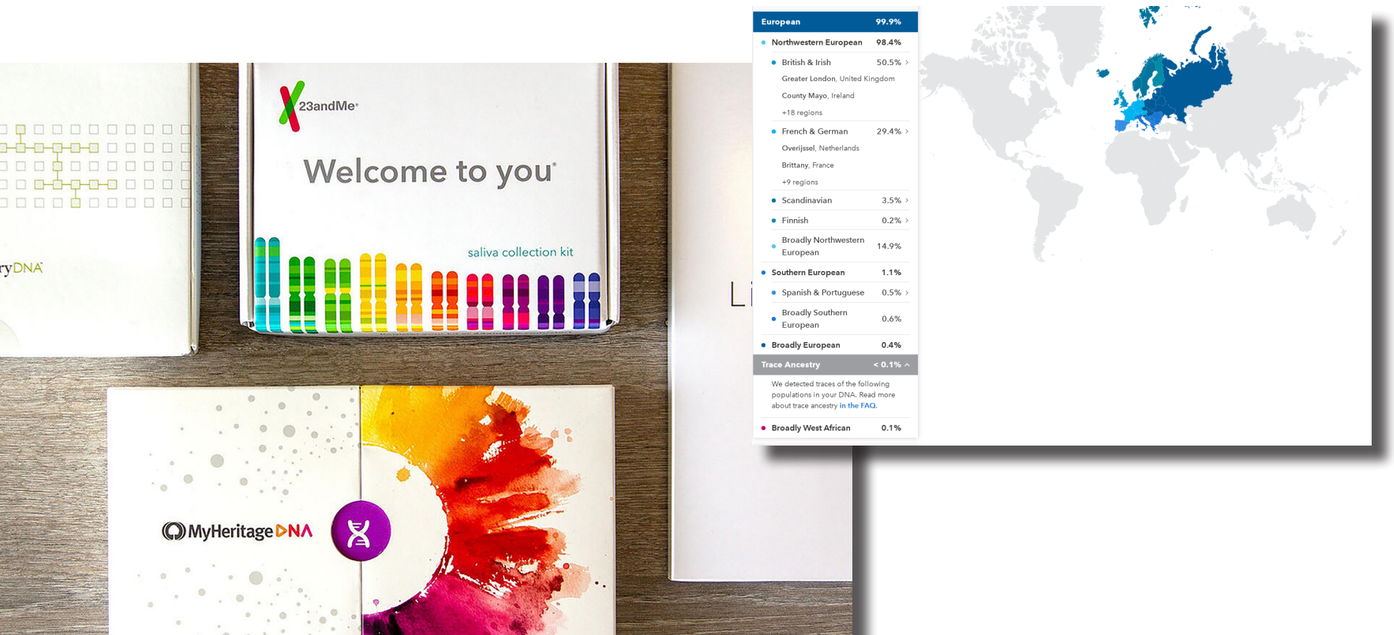
Gene Tester is a data specialist in New England who is interested in the family lines of our early settlers and our differences revealed through DNA testing.

and mail it back to the testing lab. Make sure you have registered your kit using the identification code on the test company's website before shipping it or else you will have no way to access your results.

Over the next few months the test company will process your DNA sample, and then perform "genotyping" to identify the specific DNA bases that you carry at several hundred thousand locations in your genome. We each carry two full copies of our genes, half from each parent. Different tests look at different parts of your genome, with some overlap between them. Medically oriented tests will genotype parts known to have medical/health implications, while others focused only on genealogy or ancestry avoid looking at health-relevant parts of your genes. Based on large population studies, scientists have a good idea of specific genetic changes that commonly show up in people from certain regions of the world, especially people from groups that tended not to marry outside their own communities. Some of these changes you may have heard of: French-Canadians have a higher risk of Lynch syndrome, which increases risk of colorectal and other cancers; Europeans far more commonly carry genes that allow adults to digest lactose in dairy products versus other ethnicities; people with Mediterranean origins may have greater risk of favism, which causes a life-threatening allergic reaction upon eating fava beans. Other genetic changes group by ethnicity as well, including those with no meaningful health impacts. Scientists refer to this group of genetic changes as "ancestry-informative markers," or AIMs.

We each carry TWO FULL COPIES of our genes, half from each parent. Different tests look at different parts of your genome, with some overlap between them.

Based on all of the AIMs you carry, a software algorithm can estimate your overall ethnic ancestry.



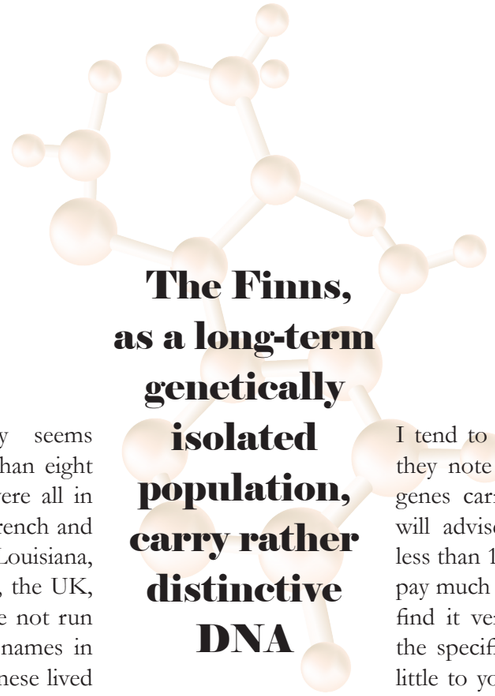
Depending on the company, and on how well-documented a set of genetic changes your ancestry groups carry, you will receive results ranging from vague, continent-level numbers, up to very specific results at a county-level.

The test company provides these results to you as a set of geographic regions and percentages. Depending on the company, and on how well-documented a set of genetic changes your ancestry groups carry, you will receive results ranging from vague, continent-level numbers, up to very specific results at a county-level.

To make this all a bit more concrete, let's look at my own results from 23andMe. At the continent level, they assign 99.9% of my DNA as European, with less than 0.1% identified as "broadly West African." Looking deeper into the European results, I find 98.4% "Northwestern European," 1.1% "Southern European," and 0.4% "broadly European" (which means European, but not clearly belonging to any specific population). My 1.1% of Southern European ancestry breaks down as 0.5% "Spanish and Portuguese" along with 0.6% "broadly Southern European." For the largest chunk of my ancestry, the Northwestern European, my results break down as 50.5% "British and Irish," with strongest links to Glasgow and County Mayo, 29.4% "French and German" (here they note a town in the Netherlands where I know third great-grandparents lived), 3.5% Scandinavian, and 14.9% "broadly Northwestern European."

After all this, you may wonder if you should trust the reported results. Generally, you should expect high accuracy, but the science here continues to advance and over time your results will slowly get more refined as test companies receive more information. You will not have to submit another sample, just log in to your account once or twice a year and look for changes. You should expect a few flat-out wrong results at times. The genetic changes known to appear frequently in some populations do show up in other populations occasionally, too, and this can throw off the accuracy of your results. You have to take any strange results with a grain of salt and think about whether or not they make sense. Some tests will provide a confidence rating for results, such as to say they have a high confidence assigning you a primarily Northwest European background, but only a low-to-medium confidence specifically calling you Irish, Scot, or British.

In my case, for several months 23andMe reported that I carried small amounts—no more than 0.1%—of Japanese and Ashkenazi ancestry, implying fully Japanese and Ashkenazi ancestors somewhere around eight generations back. I have done a lot of genealogy

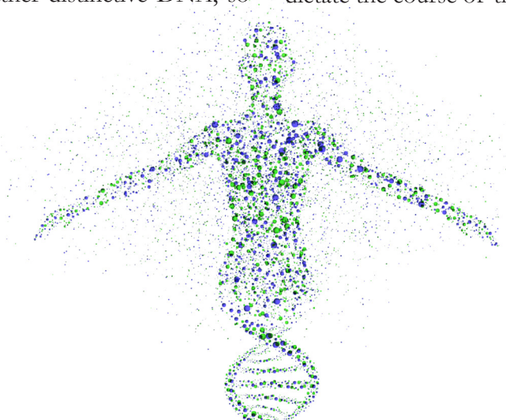


The Finns, as a long-term genetically isolated population, carry rather distinctive DNA

research and that simply seems unlikely. Going back more than eight generations, my ancestors were all in the colonial United States, French and English Canada, French Louisiana, and back in Europe: Ireland, the UK, France, and Germany. I have not run into any Japanese-sounding names in my family tree, and few Japanese lived in Europe or North America a few hundred years ago. Though not impossible, I consider this finding highly improbable. The Ashkenazi results seem more plausible, given their much greater presence in Europe compared to the Japanese, but that too has recently disappeared from my results.

On the other hand, multiple test companies have persistently reported similarly small amounts of Finnish (0.2%) and sub-Saharan African (under 0.1%) in my results. Percentages that low would indicate an ancestor somewhere around the 1600s to 1800s in my tree. Clearly, during those centuries, one could find quite a few Africans in the US, as well as Finns in mainland Europe, so while I have found no evidence for these ancestors, the possibility that they existed makes far more sense than that of an unknown Japanese ancestor. The Finns, as a long-term genetically isolated population, carry rather distinctive DNA, so I tend to believe the test company when they note a possibility that some of my genes carry their markers. Some people will advise that you consider any result less than 1% as meaningless noise and not pay much attention to it; certainly you will find it very difficult to ever track down the specific ancestor who contributed so little to your genes today. Specialized test companies like LivingDNA exist for those who know that all of their family came only from Ireland, Britain, or a few other regions. They may be able to provide you with details all the way down to the specific towns your ancestors came from. If you carry a broad mix of European ancestry, a less specialized firm may provide better results.

In conclusion, a consumer DNA ancestry test can tell you much about where you come from, if you have prepared yourself to accept the results, and question them when necessary. Even if you learn something you never wanted to know, you have gained information. Your genes do not dictate your future, and the culture in which you live may have no relation to those that contributed to your genetics. You can come away with a stronger self-image and sense of worth regardless of what your results say; only you and those around you dictate the course of the rest of your life. ■



THE ART OF THE CRAFT

First I think about a general scene or mood I want to convey. Then what specific elements to include to complete the mood. I usually do a series of loose composition sketches before picking the one that feels right for the painting.

The materials used are a gessoed hardboard panel (similar to masonite), oil paints, mineral spirits, and refined linseed oil for mediums to be added into the paint (mineral spirits thin the paint in the early stages, the refined linseed oil gives it a more glossy look toward the end).

I lightly draw the basic forms on the panel using graphite. Then I put in the main shapes in paint thinned out by mineral spirits. I usually paint from dark to light colors and add in more refined linseed oil as I add more layers. Sometimes I take out elements, shift them, or add in new ones like the smaller clouds on left and right. The procedure involves refining contours and creating hard edges in the foreground, and creating fuzzy edges and lighter tones in the background to create the illusion of difference. I try to place forms so that the eye moves all around the picture. The road pulls the viewer in, the house and tree direct the eye upwards to the clouds and back down to the edge of the lake, and the water reflections bring the viewer back home to the house with the lights on inside. I also try to add a certain level of detail, here and there, to allow the viewer to get distracted on this tour.

The most important aspects are having a strong composition and mixing colors on the palette to create the right kind of effect.

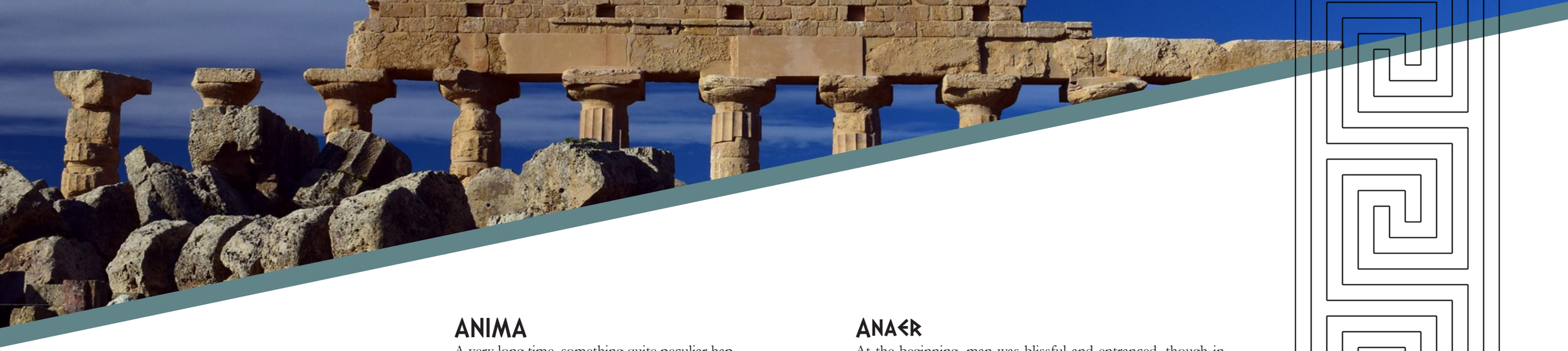
Herrmann Radwulf

MYTHOS

A LIKELY STORY OF WHAT WAS

BY
HEKTOR
TROY

HEKTOR TROY IS THE PSEUDONYM OF A PROFESSOR AT A UNIVERSITY IN AMERICA. HE CAN BE FOUND ON CAB @HEK



ANIMA

A very long time, something quite peculiar happened: matter was made to live.

PSYCHE

The Divine God, pure and intelligent, invisible and immaterial, all mind without body, fashioned a new thing into existence, a container of power and life: the soul.

NOUS

The God put into soul a portion of Divinity and imbued into matter the new and mindful soul. The soul imparted motion and form unto matter, dividing it, shaping it, and turning chaos into order.

SOMA

Out of material chaos, by the rule of mind and through the power of soul, came distinct and separate bodies, full of life.

THEOTHEN

The animate ones, newly fashioned, beheld their creator, focusing their portion of mind within their souls upon the mind's ultimate source and origin: the Divine God.

ANAER

At the beginning, man was blissful and entranced, though in the mind of man was no knowledge of himself. Man knew only of his reflection in the divine. Man did not even know he was the mere reflection of the divine.

ARCHIOS

How long did this creation endure? How long did the age of innocence and ignorance last? Was there even such a thing as time before man came to know himself? How did it happen that such a state of self-ignorance and divine awareness was broken?

THE FALL

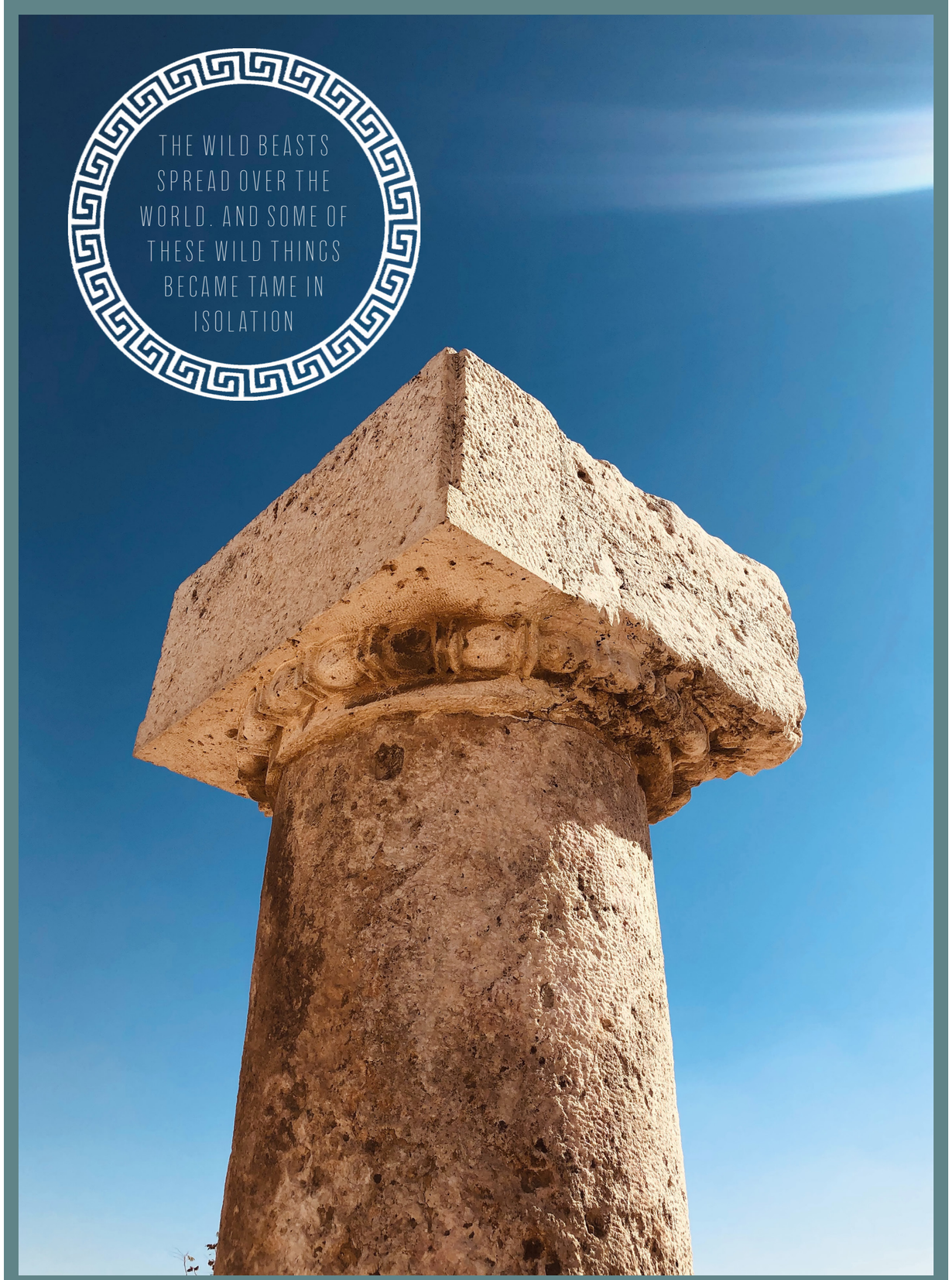
The first man to fall from divinity somehow became aware that he was distinct and separate from the divine mind in body and form. Maybe the change was comic: the first man simply looked down, taking his mind from God and noticing his own body. Maybe the change was tragic: the first man felt too much the power of the divine. A thing of pity- he came to know that such a power was beyond him. The first man felt this power and recoiled at the truth: that he was subordinate and created, not a ruler or maker of himself. The first man is he who turned his mind from God and removed his eyes from Heaven's direction. The first man looked down and came to understand his separation from the divine, his separate existence among the things of the animate world. The first man saw that other men exist, that all men exist separately, distinctly, and discretely. Men are bodies apart from

Logos

How did the first man signal his discovery? His mind turned toward his body and seized control of his throat, an organ newly discovered to a mind that existed only in soundless contemplation. His mouth formed sounds. His mind descended into his chest to work his lungs, taking in air and expelling it, pushing it through his vocal chords. Thought turned into words and a sound broke dreadful silence: I!

Gnosis

When the others of the human race first heard the sound of voice, their minds were turned from Divine. They heard, moved their eyes to the sound, and discovered man for themselves. They saw the one, and another, and another. Finally, each saw its own self. Man came to know he is separate and distinct from the Divine and from others: one of many.

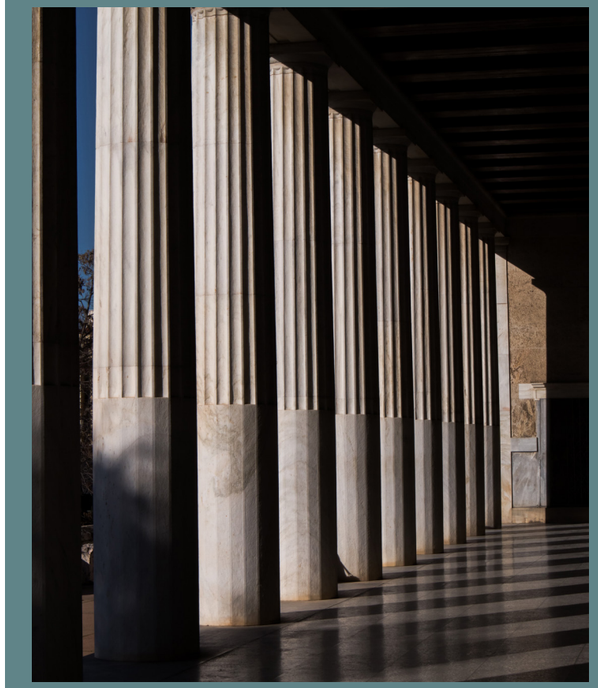


Dialectic

The first men spoke from their minds through their bodies, creating words to express their thoughts. For a long time, all talk revolved around description of the Divine. Each soul knew best what they had so long contemplated. Each soul initially desired nothing more than to speak what it knew, but this Age would not last forever. Each man spoke as men listened, and soon they argued over which word best described the divine. They disagreed over what words old meant; they made new words to mean new things. For a long time, men argued as they created language amongst them.

Thumos

Some began to speak longer and longer. Many spoke at the same time, one trying to out-speak the other. In their contest of speech, their lungs grew strong, their words bold and pleasing to the ear. Mind set itself to a new task: honor and glory in speech. Through mind, soul moved into the lungs and chest and built an engine for man: the heart and its passions.



Pneuma

The second man set his soul to conquer the first. He discovered the power of his breath when spoken words were infused with passion. His spirit obeyed his mind and seized control of his limbs, tendons, and muscles. With speech was added gesture and movement. With words, a face shaped to accentuate his meaning. The second man desired to persuade all that his words were best; the first man still searched for the words most true. The second man sought the approval of men; the first sought the approval of the Divine. In no long time, all men became as the second, fired with spirit and passion over their mind.

Tyrannos

The third man was born of discord and stalemate. As the second men argued and gestured, their motions only seemed misplaced to the third man. He watched them point Heavenward and Earthward, this way and that. He watched them shake and thunder, but always within contained within themselves, save their breath. The mind of the third man felt his limbs more powerfully than did the second men. The third man shaped his hand into a fist as he drew breathe deeply, filling his spirit with power and rage. Shouting his breathe in a meaningless yell, the third man brought his fist crashing into the face of a second man in mid-speech. The third man followed his meaningless yell and violent strike with a new type of speech: a command. The third man called his limbs to work with his words, to convince bodies with violence and compel souls to act with shouts.

Polemos

The third man ruled over the second men for a long time. His words and deeds brought into the world obedience among men. He called it society. But with every strike of his fist, the second men took into themselves some of the power of spirit. Their lungs strengthened too, and they felt the power of their limbs. One day, a second man had transformed into another third man; he struck with his fist the original third man. Soon, all were third men. Soon, all were striking all. The third men, in violent contest for rule and obedience, had ushered forth war into the world.

Thaer

The third men found defeat and subordination hateful. Those who could not win in contests sought their solace from life in exile from society. They retreated from the company of the third men and exercised their spirit through other contests of life and dominance. In time, these withdrawn men grew wild and beastly from life outside society. They forgot how to speak and logos fled their minds. First, they were the barbarians: the men without language. After much time, the most savage of the barbarians became the wild beasts of the earth. The wild beasts spread over the world, and some of these wild things became tame in isolation. Other beasts remained savage and hunted the third men who chased them from society so long ago.

Thanatos

The fourth men hunted the beasts of the wild. Though the beasts had grown fangs and claws, the fourth men emerged when soul and spirit took direction from mind to forge weapons against the beasts of the wild. The fourth men tamed fire and iron. They stalked the beasts as the beasts would stalk them. The fourth men studied the fur and hide of the beasts for weak points to stab through with their fire-forged stakes of wood and iron. Striking at the heart and lungs of a beast, the fourth men brought death into the world. Reveling in their ghastly creation, the fourth men ate the flesh of the dead and wore the hides of beasts. They became horror, more beastly than the beasts, for they were men still.

Epithumia

As they ate and wore hides and felt the warmth of fire, the appetites awakened in the souls of the fourth men. Stomach and intestine themselves seemed to compel the fourth men to kill and eat and stay warm. Hunger and cold entered the world. After the fourth men sated their awakened appetites, their minds seethed with resentment. While hunting beasts and forging weapons, they had forgotten that the third men still ruled in society with mere fists. They, when they were third men, had been defeated by mere fists. In time, the fifth man was born who would learn that through will and weapons, mere fists are put to rout.

Thnetos

The fifth man knew himself when he killed a man as he would a beast of the wilds. The age of the third men ruling over society had ended with will, weapons, and bloodshed. Murder was brought forth into the world, and man became a mortal thing. All men knew themselves as the dying ones. They had all become the sixth men.

Eros

The sixth men killed each other without mercy, for mercy had not entered the world yet. In time, the sixth men saw that they were few in number left alive. The sixth men came to know their final end- extinction- if they persisted in self-slaughter. When they came to know this, mind worked through the appetites and spirit to create something new: procreation. The sixth men saw that some of them had changed in their bodily form; some were now women and the remaining men found a new appetite imbued in a new organ of their bodies. Man and woman desired to reproduce so that their race might live even as they continued to fight and kill each other. The seventh men and women so entered into the world

Ethnos

The seventh men and women procreated and brought forth children into the world. A man and woman lived together to raise their children, bringing family into the world. Men and women still competed and killed; they hunted and ate; their minds worked through all their human faculties and limbs to survive in a world of mortality. Over time, families grew numerous spread around the world, as the beasts had long before. Kin, clan, tribe, and nation were brought into the world.

Bios

The eighth men and women emerged as the nations settled in their places across the earth. Separated by river or ocean, desert or mountain, nation differed from nation and race from race. Procreation over time had solved the problem of death, but life in a nation meant that man and woman were merely one among many, and so like the many that neither man nor woman felt themselves to be individual anymore. The eighth men and women lived so as to enjoy what they could, knowing all the while that death loomed as the inescapable fate for all. The eighth men and women focused their minds to know, they strengthened their spirit for victory, and they indulged their appetites for pleasure, when not for need. Yet, the eighth men and women grew ever more fearful of anonymity; the terror of being a forgotten one among the many seized them. Man and woman had been individuals long ago, and the eighth men and women still felt that legacy long superseded by death and procreation. Before long, a man would search for a path to overcome the anonymity of death, a way to be remembered forever.

Hero

The ninth man desired to be remembered forever, to never be forgotten among all the generations of men and women to come. He knew many before him had lived, died, and been lost to death and time. They were the unknown, a fate worse than mere death. The ninth man recalled his own family's stories, how his father told him of his grandfathers, and his grandfathers told his father of great-grand fathers. The ninth man came to know that if he could perform an extraordinary feat, a task which amazed the minds of men, then generations would speak of him forever. His sons and grandsons would remember him, and their progeny ever onward would as well. Forever would the generations remember his name as they told of his great deeds.

Anamnesis

The ninth man was the first to accomplish such a task of worthy of eternal memorial. He is remembered still and will until through all passage of time. Heroes entered the world, and with them followed musicians, poets, and artists. All men and women are like the ninth now, as they wish to be remembered. The ninth men and women seek to overcome death with memory and memorial. Those who could not be as the heroes pass on their names to their children; should ever a descendent be a hero, their name will live forever.

Christos

With the societies of the ninth men and women, the human race ceased its changes. It had fallen a long way from the first men, and from those divine ones who were before the first. In all their desires, for knowledge and power, for victory and pleasure, for triumph and memorial, they forgot what they were. They did not know what they are. We are still of the ninth. We, their progeny, contain all they brought forth and that their ancestors brought forth. We are earth-born, mortal, and face death with a stolid face. Deep within ourselves, we yearn for lost immortality. ■

JOSH NEAL

Ok, so now what?

> We must change ourselves. We must be better than our circumstances. We must be better than our ancestors, and certainly better than our enemies, for there can be no other way.

Prognosis is often more difficult than diagnosis, and so the answer to the question of "*Now what?*" is difficult to provide, but I'll say this: The cultural, political, and economic trends which have produced our current situation are not going to change much over the next few years. Short of some massive black swan event, the media will remain unimaginably degenerate, politics will still be full of gaslighting stupidity hell-bent on inflaming tensions between men and women (as well as races of every kind), and the economic situation will continue to be used for the protection of the financial and cultural elite, while simultaneously decimating the middle class and deepening poverty around the world. These conditions which have produced the tremendous schism between Western men and women will continue; every one of you reading this must take up the cause for yourselves and for your families. You must choose to be different. You must choose to disengage from the systems of control and preach to as many loved ones as you can the truth about the toxicity of modern living. In order to save yourselves and the lives of everyone you hold dear, you must abandon resentment, apathy, and comfort. Nothing short of a spiritual revolution will suffice. Much is made of the myriad problems we Moderns are confronted with, but the simplest path forward often goes most neglected. We must change ourselves. We must be better than our circumstances. We must be better than our ancestors, and certainly better than our enemies, for there can be no other way. Doing so won't guarantee our automatic success, but we can't get there unless we experience inner change. Once we are finished looking inward, we must then look to the future—one of our own making, not the one being sold to us by marketers and talking heads. To do this, we will also have to accept certain realities about the world we inhabit. One such reality, one that I have spoken of in both this book and my previous one, is that humans are inherently political. More to the point: relationships are political. Perhaps it always was as such, but it certainly is true now. Given our penchant for the political, it follows that political asymmetries within our relationships can (and do) tear apart families, communities, and countries. (One need no more evidence than the last four years of Don's America, where Trump Derangement Syndrome caused divorces, business failures, and even generated a new psychiatric diagnosis or two.)

Politics isn't just about voting Democrat or Republican, neither Tory nor Labour, nor is it merely about determining what the tax rate on capital gains ought to be. The political arena isn't merely a place for autistic and uninteresting discussions of legal premises—it exists to facilitate the pursuit of power. Politics is about distinguishing the good from the evil, or as jurist Carl Schmitt once wrote, determining the friend-enemy distinction. As political operators, we must ask ourselves who has the power and who is oppressed? What is labor and whose labor will be recognized? Who makes the decisions? What is right and what is wrong? *Who is wrong?*

Who matters? Not only are these deeply political questions, but they are deeply *moral* in nature, and thus are the most important questions of all. That we can no longer easily or meaningfully answer these questions without sidestepping or equivocation should be worrisome to all. A people cannot survive such vicious and prolonged attacks on their very grasp of reality as Americans and Westerners have been forced to endure over the last century. And as I have noted, these attacks were levied first at the family, the original political scene. By now it should be clear that the family itself is a political unit, for what is true at the micropolitical level is also true at the macropolitical; in both instances there is a formalized power structure, a delineation of responsibility, and a sovereign entity which wields supreme power. We can no more afford a divided household than we can afford it among the commons, in the judiciary, within the legislative body, or anywhere else. Unfortunately, we presently abide all this and much more.

The Millennial generation is unquestionably the most politicized generation in American history, and if you don't believe me just look at their relationships ("Swipe left if you're a Trump supporter"). Look at their reasons for having children (to end racism by having mixed-race children; end misogyny by raising feminist sons) or even their reasons for not having children (it will reduce their carbon footprint; they can end oppression by not having sons—especially *White* sons). Consider why so many young men and women who *want* children *don't* have them. It is because they can't afford to have children (economics is less about rational monetary theory and more about political power and social control). They experiment with their sexuality and identity just to "prove something" to the world (most likely to their parents). Millennials are the most ideologically captured demographic, far surpassing their Baby Boomer predecessors (the jury is still out on Generation Z). And how could it have been any other way? Their education was politicized. Their entertainment was politicized. Their childhoods were politicized. Many Millennials never had a chance to be normal. People want to believe that the political is something that they can opt out of, but that is no longer possible. They want to believe that power is something that can be collectively shrugged off and that everyone will suddenly agree to the same set of rules, but most won't. Many want to ignore the reality of difference; difference between sexes, races, classes, generations, but those differences are real, and they cannot be erased. Differences cannot be negated

"The Millennial generation is unquestionably the most politicized generation in American history, and if you don't believe me just look at their relationships"

"The men described in this book (as well as the women who pursue them) knowingly or unknowingly find themselves trapped in this hell; either they are godless materialists who simply lust after the goods of this world, or they have made a spiritual master out of resentment, envy, greed, pride, sloth, or any of the other destructive tendencies innate to human psychology"

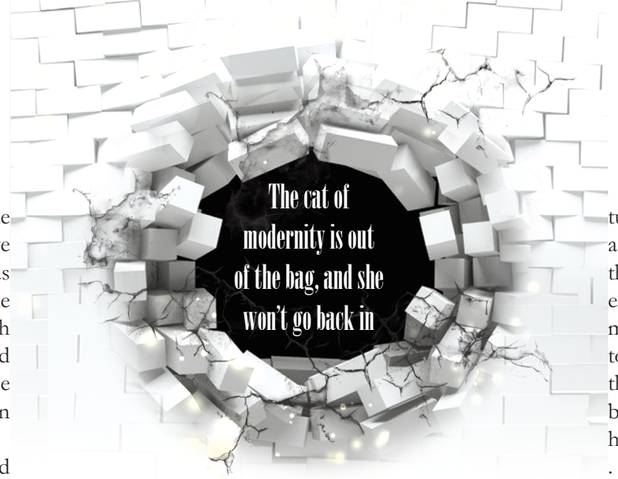
through ideology, only reckoned with by the power of humility.

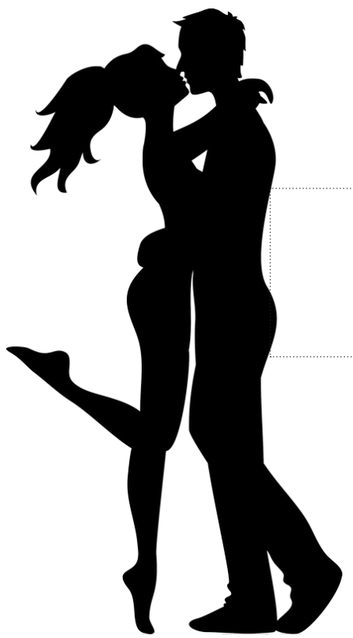
But our nature is not merely political as Aristotle once we remarked—we are also religious, if not primarily so. Many have taken note of the Godlessness of our age; it is hardly novel to say that our civilizational and existential crises can be traced back to a rejection of the sacral. However, there is a sex divide at play. Man needs divinity in a way that woman does not. This isn't to say that she has no need of it, rather to say that woman is born with a sense of the divine owing to her ability to create life. She is also born with a sense of the tragic, as she is also aware of the self-destructing element of childbirth. In this way, woman is *more* than man. Or at least, the taste of divinity allows her a glimpse into the supernatural, the suprahuman. Man, however, must acquire a true divinity or else he will fall into material lust. Either that or he worships (explicitly or implicitly) one of the pantheon of gods representing human pathos. Or to say this another way, absent a noble God who values truth, vitality, and dignity, man will simply make a deity of his own will. Man's will (more often than not) is a vain and short-sighted force that ultimately demands a sacrifice—self-sacrifice. Mere will is not enough, for we are not all cut from the same Nietzschean cloth. We need more.

Without that "*something more*," that "*something else*," there is almost nowhere else for man (or woman) to go but down, deep into the bottom most pits of hell. And I don't mean that pitchfork-in-your-ass, Tim Curry-in-a-leather-suit lake of fire that scared the hell out of me as a child, but the very real hell of the here and now; I speak of a hell that perpetuates existential anesthesia, meaninglessness and stagnation (the kind that presently terrifies me as a fully grown adult). The men described in this book (as well as the women who pursue them) knowingly or unknowingly find themselves trapped in this hell; either they are godless materialists who simply lust after the goods of this world, or they have made a spiritual master out of resentment, envy, greed, pride, sloth, or any of the other destructive tendencies innate to human psychology. Most men need true divinity to rescue them from these pitfalls of compartmentalized, cynical, developmentally stunted psychologies. Grandiosity and megalomania are not foreign to man; though we may like

to think ourselves as little Napoleons in the making, we are far from it. Most of us are mere worker bees, while others are only good enough to be cannon fodder. And that's if they're lucky. Some never aspire to be more than the dregs of society.

Moreover, the world needs men to recognize such a God, because men who are driven by uninformed and unrestrained passion have a tremendous capacity for destruction. Our hypermodern world is a testament to that fact. Any problem that we see with our women, our children, our culture, is simply downstream from the materialist or at least faux-spiritualist mindset present among modern men. He is either utterly lacking in faith or has elevated his petty humanity to the level of Godliness and now uses it to exact both revenge and conquest. I am no atheist, for I am certain of the existence of a metaphysical, possibly even supernatural (or *supernatural-seeming*, at least) realm, though I am utterly and hopelessly unable to imagine or explain such a place. But most of our men today dare not dream of such high and lofty things. He is trapped in the spiritual gutters and ghettos.





His must be God of contemplative action, one that encourages a development of the mind, the body, and the spirit. The re-education of the modern American must focus on building the proper character, cultivating:

1. Temperance
2. Humility
3. Self-awareness

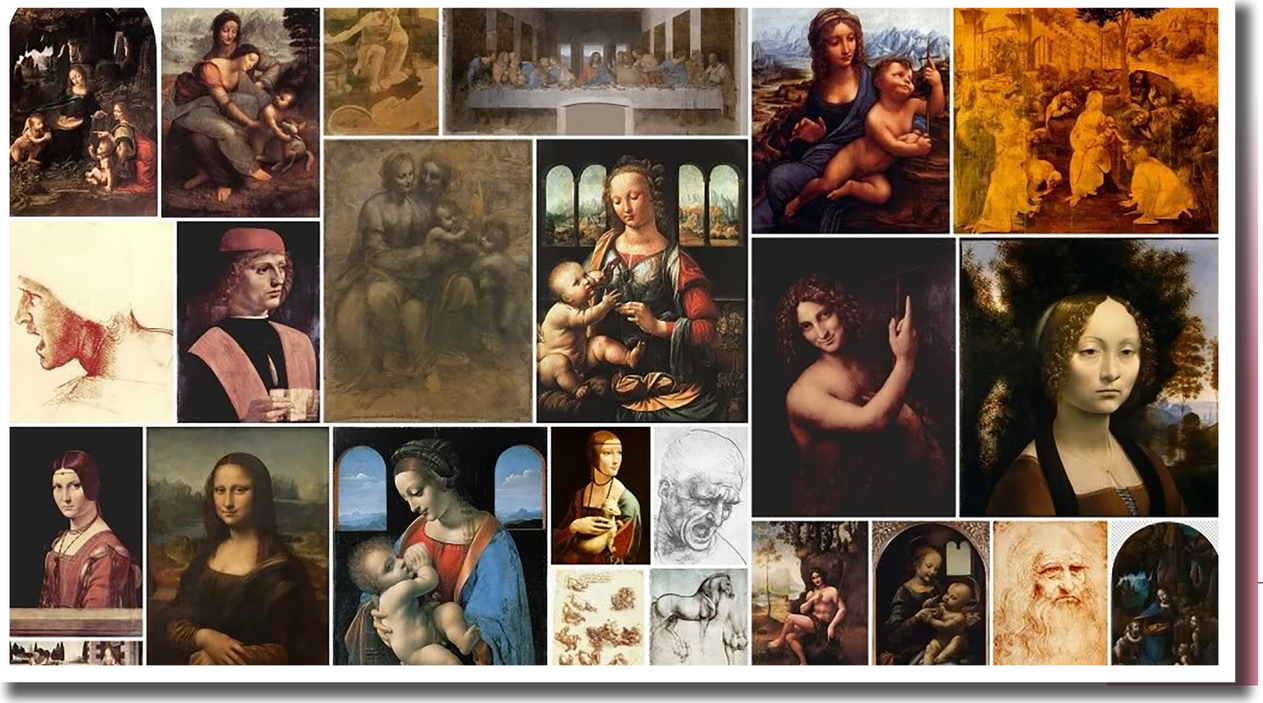
Women who are dissatisfied with their current prospects among men would do well to adopt this as their new value system. They must wean themselves off materialism and learn to redirect their radar, which has not been pointing them in the proper direction. This necessarily means turning away from the world as is, and turning to a world that *can be*, should we be strong enough to imagine it. Modern men and women are slaves to their passions and take their pride in fleshly victories; bigger paychecks, bigger houses, sexier bed partners . . . while not unimportant, these luxuries have taken far too much significance. The disease of Americanism is to be found in the constant need for *more*. There is no true satisfaction to be found, as there is always something greater and more expensive on the horizon. If the sense of *me* continues to precede our sense of *we*, America and the West will continue along its trajectory of moral degradation.

Having said that, we must understand that God is not enough. The cat of modernity is out of the bag, and she won't go back in. Women are liberated, sex has been revolutionized, and *love is love*. Careerism and consumerism are in, and everyone has been given a seat at the table. There will be no returning to the white picket fence. People are less self-sufficient and more poorly informed than at any other time in recent memory. Resentment is the mood of the day, every day, ostensibly until the end of time. It isn't impossible to form meaningful relationships—it is simply a lot more difficult. The challenge is on us to be more mature, more intelligent, more dedicated, and more communicative if we are to lead the lives we were promised as children. As difficult as our current circumstances may be, it is we who injure ourselves and reduce our chances for happiness. It is in our reactions to life and its misfortunes (perceived or otherwise) where our opportunities for fulfillment and happiness are either hatched or snuffed out indefinitely. Hypermodern America dares us to rediscover our humanity and pursue what is real, or else end up like so many of our brothers and sisters—walking, talking battery packs, whose sole function is to fuel the engine of progressive liberal consumerism. The West and its denizens are in dire need of redemption, and we must be the ones to redeem ourselves. There is no reason to believe anyone is going to do it for us. Despite the plethora of reasons to be hopeless, we must not only see the future as full of opportunities, we must see ourselves as worthy of them.

Part of redemption entails recognizing our personal failings and earnestly seeking recompense. Unending condemnation for past moral failings cannot and should not be part of the rehabilitation process. Duty-free and obligation-less liberty very quickly leads to degeneracy. But the obsession with degeneracy, *with sinfulness,* commonly seen among the more traditionally minded is a roadblock to redemption. We have all suffered the indignities of modernity—it has marked us all with its cruel touch. If we have any hope of making it through this evolutionary bottleneck, this tumultuous moment in the history of our people, we must be able to forgive the past mistakes of others (assuming there is genuine contrition) and recognize we have all been victimized by a culture of death that knowingly and mendaciously shattered our collective consciousness with disease, sexuality, violence, sugar, alcohol, and psychoactive substances of every kind imaginable. But while we have indeed been *victimized*, we are not *victims*—not if we don't want to be. We can choose to be different, to think differently, and to act differently. That grand responsibility is ours, should we want it.

Many, however, do not. And that is because they have removed themselves from the center of their own lives. Their internal world has been *otherized.* As Westerners, we have been taught to view self-neglect and personal mismanagement as perfect virtues. Incentives were then established to ensure we continue along that very trajectory until we draw our last breath. So many Western men and women see the world through the eyes of another, through *alien* eyes. They are alienated from themselves and lack any sense of their true nature; absent a sense of self, we lack any ability to behave intentionally in a manner that reflects our true will. Any sense of rational self-interest, if it hasn't already been expunged, soon will be. We are adrift, hopelessly and dismally set off our own course.

The way forward begins with the faint sense that something is terribly, unfathomably wrong about our world. Not us. Not our parents or grandparents. *Being itself* is somehow corrupted, inverted, torn away from us. It is almost as if the tremendous advancements in our material existence, the complexity with which our information systems have produced has thrust the soul out of man. If we can understand that circumstances as they stand are not the norm, but rather a bizarre aberration, then we can begin to imagine a new world. Existence need not be so difficult, and it is not to be cursed. Life is difficult, but living doesn't have to be as such. The answer to the question *"Now what?"* is simply to radically reimagine our life—to see the world as it is, through new eyes. Through our own eyes, understanding it through the lens of our own history, and in particular, with a keen interest in *continuing that history. Our* history. Life isn't a problem to be solved; our material existence is not one to change through chemical or technological manipulation. We are not simply a chain in an evolutionary process, one that is to be eagerly overcome. We *are*. And it is damn time we recognized that fact. ■



The Art of Artistic Critique

Jeff Winston discusses the methods and importance of art critique as it relates to our much-needed artistic renaissance, our movement more generally, and our society at large

By Jeff Winston

While I do have a degree in film, I'm largely a self-taught artist. Given the dysfunctional and degenerate state of academia, most of the technique, perspective, and philosophy I'm working from are a combination of what I've been able to cobble together from many varied sources and my own trial and error in the absence of a proper mentor and artistic education. Of course, as a wise man once said, "I never let my schooling get in the way of my education." Regardless, with this article, I hope to start a discussion about the methods and importance of art critique as it relates to our much-needed artistic renaissance, our movement more generally, and our society at large.

I've been wanting to write this article for a while, but it was the release of the first issue of this very magazine and the response to the cover (created by the WAC Pack's very own Aileen Alt Art) by twisted Antifa types, the cringe bros, and even people supposedly firmly on the Dissident Right that finally drew my hand to the quill, so to speak. It's always fascinating to hear different groups of people's interpretations of a piece of art. A piece of art is almost like a Rorschach test, in that what a person sees in it tells you more about the interpreter than it does the artist.

You've probably heard the phrase "everybody's a critic." Well, I can tell you from over 20 years of creating and sharing art with the public that this statement is overwhelmingly true. From your family and friends, to complete strangers, and even sometimes mortal enemies, even the most introverted of people don't seem so shy when it comes to giving their opinion on a film, song, book, or painting (especially on the internet). The thing is, while I completely support the 1st Amendment and the freedom of expression, some opinions are more relevant than others.

> MUCH LIKE ANY HIGHLY SPECIALIZED FIELD, ART CRITICISM REQUIRES TALENT AND BREADTH OF BOTH BROAD AND SPECIFIC KNOWLEDGE

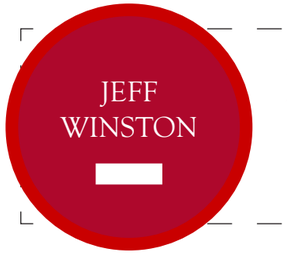
Art critique is actually a very important part of a healthy and thriving art community, which is an important part of a healthy and thriving society. It is an art critic's job to legitimize or delegitimize a piece of art, artist, or artistic movement, and to give the average viewer the tools with which to interpret said work. Further, support from a respected art critic can make or break an artist's reputation and career. That legitimacy is a two-way street, and therefore, those judging the legitimacy of art must be vetted and deemed fit to serve.

Much like any highly specialized field, art criticism requires talent and a breadth of both broad and specific knowledge. The ability to fairly and objectively (although you can't be completely objective, nor do you want to be) critique a piece of art requires a deep understanding of the piece at hand, not only from a technical standpoint, but one that takes into account the historical context of that particular medium and how a piece fits into the larger artistic and cultural tapestry of the moment in which it was produced.

Given all of the aforementioned, and also considering the heat of our current political paradigm, I want to articulate for you the philosophy and methodology for how I critique a piece of art and determine whether a person or group's critique of a piece of art is legitimate or illegitimate. I believe this could be a useful methodology for our community at large, but especially for our artists in determining which critiques they should ignore and which they can take to heart. Artists have a tendency to absorb everything they hear and see, but given the toxicity and infiltration of our current movement , I want to give them the tools with which they can better determine if critiques are valid or if they should be thrown in the dumpster fire of history.

In-Group vs. Out-Group Interpretations

Across the West, we are in a rather strange situation where nearly every group of people on the planet has been shoehorned into our territory, and we have been indoctrinated from birth to believe that they are part of our in-group. All the while, these groups' clearly



LOOKING FOR THE BEST MUSICIANS AND ARTISTS ON THE PRO-WHITE SCENE?

↳ Jeff Winston and Mama P. host a show every Saturday night featuring music from pro-white artists. A veteran of the pro-white movement, Jeff also runs the White Art Collective, and is the Creative Director of *The White People's Quarterly*.

separate and distinct cultures are publicly celebrated and lauded while our culture (and therefore our art) is constantly insulted, degraded, and deconstructed. We Whites have largely taken these critiques in good faith. However, these critiques are not given in good faith.

The thing about art is that it is very specific to a group of people and their culture. Art, when done correctly, should express the bio-spirit of the artist from which it came. Each people have their own symbols, sounds, colors, and shared history that make up the artistic language through which they communicate to their own. Therefore, it is difficult, if not completely impossible, for a person from an out-group to be able to accurately assess the legitimacy, illegitimacy, meaning, or value of an in-group's art. Obviously, it doesn't hold the same value or meaning for the out-group observer. It was never intended to.

IT IS DIFFICULT, IF NOT COMPLETELY IMPOSSIBLE, FOR A PERSON FROM AN OUT-GROUP TO BE ABLE TO ACCURATELY ASSESS THE LEGITIMACY, ILLEGITIMACY, MEANING OR VALUE OF AN IN-GROUP'S ART. OBVIOUSLY, IT DOESN'T HOLD THE SAME VALUE OR MEANING FOR THE OUT-GROUP OBSERVER. IT WAS NEVER INTENDED TO

Objectivity vs. Personal Tastes—Understanding the Artist's Intention

Generally speaking, the average observer usually judges a piece of art based on their personal tastes. For example, most people judge whether or not they like a song based on if it's in a genre that they have a predisposition to enjoying or if they like the sound of the singer's voice, the content of their lyrics, etc. There are a number of different personal tastes that factor into whether a person likes a particular piece of art, but the main characteristic that separates a talented art critic from the average observer is the ability to be objective. Not objective in the universalist sense, but rather in the ability to put one's self in the shoes of their fellow in-group artist and attempt to understand their intention.

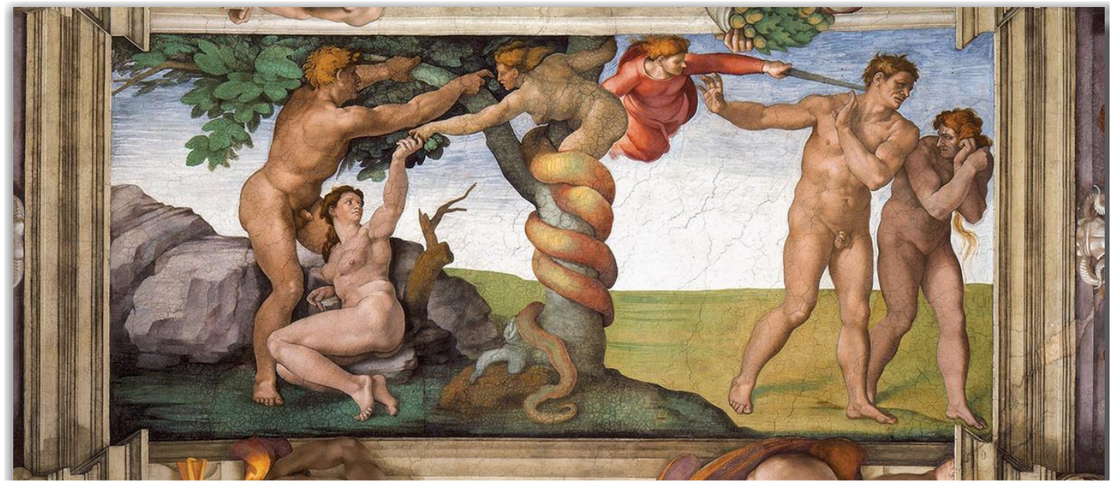
Every artist, consciously or unconsciously, has an intended reaction that they are desiring from their audience. Whether it is to inspire them, give them hope, make them happy, make them angry, make them laugh, make them think of a certain idea, get them to understand a problem or issue from a particular viewpoint, or simply just to make them engage, there is always something that the artist is intending to communicate with their audience. Taking this into account, for an art critic to successfully do their job, they have to figure out two things:

1. What did the artist intend to achieve?
2. Did they achieve it?

Of course, on the surface, this might seem like it would require one to be clairvoyant, but this is actually where the art critic's own intuition and broader understanding of both the history of that particular artistic medium and cultural context comes into play.

The Summer issue of *The White People's Quarterly,* featuring original art by Aileen

IT IS THE ARTIST'S JOB TO NOT ONLY PRESERVE EXISTING WORKS OF ART TO THE BEST OF THEIR ABILITY AND HELP THEIR PEOPLE UNDERSTAND THEM AND THEIR IMPORTANCE TO THE COLLECTIVE, BUT TO ALSO MAKE THEM ANEW



Expulsión del Paraíso, by Michelangelo, circa 1509

History of the Artistic Medium

No art exists in a vacuum … and if it did, it would probably suck ;) All artists learn their craft and are influenced by those who've come before them, their artistic ancestors if you will. When an art critic looks at a piece of art, to fully understand it, they need to have a historical understanding of that artistic medium. Because, in a sense, artists are stewards of the body of work that their people have created, and that they have inherited. It is the artist's job to not only preserve existing works of art to the best of their ability and help their people understand them and their importance to the collective, but to also make them anew.

When I say "make them anew," I don't mean in the way that Hollywood does a lesser remake of a classic film, and in so doing, essentially creates a lesser, degraded, duplicate version of the original, much in the same way you duplicate an analog cassette tape, with each subsequent version being of lesser quality and consequence.

What I mean by "make them anew," is that the artist truly understands, and has great reverence for, not just the existing body of work of their chosen medium, but the craft which produced it. It is actually the preservation and

advancement of the craft that is most important, because it is nearly impossible to preserve any material in this world forever (unfortunately, see Notre-Dame). However, the craft is eternal. These masterpieces are merely an expression of our bio-spirit, and the craft is the prism through which the intensity of our light is expressed.

Another way to look at it is that we artists essentially have a responsibility to our artistic ancestors to create our art anew, to reproduce our culture, in the same way that the people in our community at large have a responsibility to our ancestors to have babies so that our people will continue to exist into the future. Those who can, should. Our works of art are like our children: they are a labor of love.

> THOSE WHO CAN, SHOULD. OUR WORKS OF ART ARE LIKE OUR CHILDREN: THEY ARE A LABOR OF LOVE

Notre-Dame

So, when an art critic is looking at an artist's piece, they should be looking to understand how it fits into the broader body of work of said artistic medium and asking these questions: is the artist doing something genuinely novel? Are they making something old anew? Is it adding or subtracting from the collective body of work, or is it forgettable and inconsequential? These are all questions that an effective art critic must attempt to answer.

Cultural Context

Another dimension to understanding the value of a piece of art is how it fits into the broader cultural context of the era in which it was created. For example, to understand the musical movement of the 1960s in America (and the Anglo-Sphere more generally), one would have to understand how it affected the broader culture, how the broader culture affected it (feedback loop), and how it was an advancement, evolution, or devolution (as some might argue) in those regards.

Songwriting began to change in the 1960s. Up until that point, lyrics were much more straightforward and simplistic in the subject matter they addressed, but songwriters in the 1960s began experimenting with a much more conceptual and introspective approach to their craft. This shift was also burgeoning in other artistic mediums such as film, literature, and the fine arts. Although it's impossible to say whether this started in the arts or if the arts were just expressing the zeitgeist, this kind of introspective thinking was happening in the broader population as well, and causing a shift in the collective consciousness and unconsciousness. All of this culminated in the birth of the "concept album." Via synchronicity and experimentation, The Beach Boys *Pet Sounds* was one of the very first concept albums, and The Beatles quickly responded with *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Just a few years later, Pink Floyd took the concept album to both inner and outer space with *Dark Side of the Moon*, in which they explored the concepts of sanity and social alienation, themes that still resonate with large audiences to this very day.

This is but one example of how understanding the culture of a given era is necessary in understanding the meaning and value a piece or movement has to society at large.

Resources

Having been a blue-collar artist for many years, I have a firm grasp on the advantages and drawbacks of having limited resources. On the one hand, most of the best art comes from struggle, and "necessity is the mother of all invention." On the other hand, if an artist is never able to acquire the resources (I include TIME in this) to self-actualize, then that is a talent lost to history, and we are all worse off for it. So, there is a balance to be had here.

To exemplify my point, I'll use low-budget filmmaking. Film is one of the most difficult art forms, because it has the most moving pieces or variables and therefore requires the most resources to create. Films are made from literally no budget (a camera, a computer, and a handful of people in their spare time) to blockbuster budgets of 500 million dollars, with thousands of cast and crew members working full-time.

> NO ART EXISTS IN A VACUUM ... AND IF IT DID, IT WOULD PROBABLY SUCK

When the average observer watches a film, they generally expect the production quality of a blockbuster Hollywood film. So when they watch a lower-budget film, they are immediately unimpressed with the clearly lesser production budget and judge it thusly. However, the purpose of a film or any piece of art is not its production budget, but for the artist to send the intended communication. Given this, for the art critic to accurately assess the piece, they must ask themselves: "Considering what the artist had to work with, did they achieve what they intended?"

Technical Skill and

Craftsmanship

Of course, an artist's technical skill is something that an art critic needs to look at in order to assess their work. Some of the questions an art critic must ask themselves are: "What level of talent are they working with in their particular medium? What techniques are they using and are they proficient, advanced, etc.?"

Although techniques vary widely across artistic mediums, I think one of the main gauges of a piece that transcends mediums is whether or not it is seamless. When I say "seamless," what I mean is that the observer is so taken in by the piece that they aren't thinking at all about the medium itself nor the work that went into it.

For example, you've probably heard somebody talking about how they were "taken out of a film" by some kind of perceived mistake or poor quality in the acting, editing, sound, etc. When a film is "seamless," you can lose yourself in the story, the visuals, the sound, and the music. The technical skill and craftsmanship are of such high quality that the intended communication from the artist comes through completely unabated.

> THE PURPOSE OF A FILM OR ANY PIECE OF ART IS NOT IT'S PRODUCTION BUDGET, BUT FOR THE ARTIST TO SEND THE INTENDED COMMUNICATION

This same concept of seamlessness can be applied when you are looking at a painting or a sculpture, or watching a dance performance. The truly skilled artist can make their piece so seamless that it is seemingly effortless, but in reality, this is a testament to their high level of technical skill and craftsmanship and the many years of practice and study that went into the honing of their craft.

However, there is an exception to the seamlessness rule when judging the technical skill and craftsmanship of an artist. There is a time and a place where an artist might want the piece to not be seamless, in that they are "breaking the fourth wall," so to speak, to make their audience aware of the medium itself. The question the art critic must ask in this instance is whether the artist did this intentionally to communicate something or if it was a lack of technical proficiency.

One more note on technical skill and craftsmanship is that there is a divide among artists as it relates to those who value technical skill over the lasting impression. For example, Joe Satriani is probably one of the most technically skilled guitar players who has ever lived, even though the average person probably doesn't know who he is. He's kind of a musician's musician. While he has nearly superhuman technical skill and has been around for at least three decades, I couldn't think of one of his songs off of the top of my head when writing this. While there is some degree of personal taste involved in that, and while his virtuosity is an incredible and worthwhile feat, I would argue that it is largely a material achievement, and that his music has not and will not leave much of a lasting impression on our culture at large.

Daniel Johnston's "Hi, How Are You" mural in Austin, Texas.

On the flipside of this is the late Daniel Johnston (R.I.P.), also a musician's musician. While never mastering any of the physical talents (voice, guitar, piano) to a level of seamlessness (his voice quivering and strained, often a bit out of time and out of tune with uber lo-fi production), he managed to make a lasting impression on some of the most influential musicians of the past thirty years (Kurt Cobain, Beck, and many others). Further, I would argue that despite his lack of technical mastery his music has had and will have a much deeper and more lasting effect on our culture than Joe Satriani's because it transcends the current moment and the material world into the conceptual, emotional, and spiritual. Daniel's work taps into and expresses a purity and truth that is etched in stone.

> IT'S IMPORTANT FOR AN ART CRITIC TO WEIGH AN ARTIST'S TECHNICAL SKILL VS. THE DEPTH OF THE IMPRESSION THEY MAKE

I bring this up because I think it's important for an art critic to weigh an artist's technical skill vs. the depth of the impression they make. Ideally, an artist will achieve a balance between the two.

Meaning

The final dimension for an art critic to consider when assessing a piece is its meaning. This is probably the most difficult to put into words, because meaning does not directly translate into the abstract. Meaning is intuitive, instinctual, and emotional. The feeling that a person gets when they experience deeply meaningful pieces like "Amazing Grace" or the *Mona Lisa* is nearly impossible to quantify. These works evoke a deep reverence, connecting us to our long-lost kin. They are a channeled reflection of our innermost selves, inscribed with our eternal truths, so we can forever be reminded of who we truly are.

Demonstration

To bring this all full circle, I'm going to demonstrate the methodology I've laid out here by looking at the cover that Aileen Alt Art did for the first issue of this magazine. Full disclosure, being the

Creative Director of the magazine, I'm the one who suggested we go with Aileen for the cover and I also had some input on the concept, composition, and color scheme, so please keep that in mind. However, please also keep in mind that the methodology I've laid out here is not only for assessing a piece of art itself, but also for assessing the legitimacy of others' critiques of it.

With regard to In-Group vs. Out-Group Interpretations, given that many of the Antifa types who harshly criticized the cover are Jewish and clearly have a separate and distinct culture, often with interests that conflict with our own, their critiques can be dismissed offhand. The cover and the magazine were not made for them, so their critiques of it are not only illegitimate, but irrelevant. To the cringe bros, you're cringe … bro. Your knee-jerk, teenage reaction is not a legitimate critique. Turn off the Anime and do something constructive that actually matters.

> TURN OFF THE ANIME AND DO SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE THAT ACTUALLY MATTERS

To our own people in the Dissident Right. While I certainly support your right to express your personal tastes, it's not helpful to us in the broader context, especially given the constant attacks from out-groups. If you're not going to articulate a legitimate and meaningful critique of one of our artists, please refrain and simply amplify the signal in whatever way you can by either liking, retweeting, telling your friends about, or purchasing the works of our talented artists. Please leave the critiquing to the better equipped. To all those who seamlessly "got it" and joyously received the message, thank you for your support and your willingness to listen. You are paramount.

Regarding Objectivity vs. Personal Tastes, a piece that is commissioned for a specific purpose (such as a magazine cover in this instance) is a bit different than one created completely at the discretion of the artist. In a commissioned work, an artist is generally being asked to fit a certain set of criteria, though a good curator will pick an artist whose general style fits the desired theme. That was the case with Aileen. We wanted her to depict a happy, healthy, young White family, and to put particular emphasis on the feminine given the theme: "The Re-Feminized Woman." This all melded together nicely since she is a wife and mother, and her style lends itself to a rich, natural setting. She absolutely achieved what was intended here.

Regarding the History of the Medium, this is out of my wheelhouse. My study and expertise are in film and music. Although, in this case, I would argue that cultural context supersedes the history of the medium insofar as the broader value of the piece goes.

Regarding the Cultural Context, we live in an occupied and inverted society and civilization where all expressions of healthy, natural life, such as the glorification of a healthy, happy, young White family are considered evil and immoral, whereas every dysgenic and degenerate behavior under the sun is promoted and encouraged by the establishment at the highest levels. Given all of that, this piece is a bold and beautiful act of defiance against those who would erase us. It took great courage and deserves much respect. Much of the best art throughout history flies in the face of the existing orthodoxy. This piece is no exception.

One of the Family, by Frederick George Cotman

> IF YOU DIDN'T NOTICE ALL OF THOSE THINGS, PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T GIVE THIS PIECE THE TIME AND ATTENTION IT WARRANTED

Regarding Resources, as Aileen is a dedicated wife and mother, she was dealing with serious time limitations right off the bat. Despite this, it's abundantly clear that she was able to find the time to imbue the piece with masterful craft.

Regarding Technical Skills and Craftsmanship, as stated above, this medium is not my area of expertise, but as a filmmaker, I understand the choice of colors, lighting, composition, symmetry, and general craftsmanship as it relates to details and concept. If you look closely at the piece, it has an impressive level of particulars. The painstaking detail of the mother's hair (including the lighting) and her exceptionally well-groomed eyebrows, the perfectly captured expression of the big brother doting on his baby sister, the accurate depiction of chubby baby arms and cheeks, the ethereal glow (I believe intentional) around the mother and the baby girl (befitting the theme), and the father and husband, ever-present, watching over his family, are all masterfully done. If you didn't notice all of those things, perhaps you didn't give this piece the time and attention it warranted.

And finally, there is the meaning. As discussed previously, this is the most difficult to quantify. Here's what I can say about it. I have my copy of the first issue of *The White People's Quarterly* sitting in my apartment. Even though it's in a somewhat out-of-the-way place, it catches my eye multiple times a week. I feel compelled to go over and pick it up. I get lost in the intricate details of the cover, and I'm reminded of what has been taken from us. While briefly saddened, I almost immediately light back up, as I know it is this masterful work of art and others like it that are the blueprint for the future we will meme into being . . . and then the Jack Hwite line runs through my mind on repeat: "We must secure, a future there. For the children, so pure and so fair."

Understanding that I've boldly laid out a very specific methodology here, and as this articulation of it is still new (even to me), I gladly invite open discussion and critique of it. My email is CONTACT@WHITEARTCOLLECTIVE.COM, I'm on Twitter, Gab, Wire, and Telegram, and I would be happy to come onto your podcast for a hearty discussion, time permitting. ■

FOLLOW JEFF WINSTON ON TWITTER @WHITECOLLECTIVE

Q&A

BASED BRITISH

The creator of the 10-hour documentary spanning the entirety of European civilization sits down with *The White People's Quarterly*

If you're in a tough situation and want to make a difference, it's important to *think BIG*. For this issue we spoke with a man who did exactly that, the one and only Based British.

So tell us a little about your background and how you got into all of this, Based British.

Thank you and, it's a pleasure to have the opportunity to be featured in *The White People's Quarterly*. I first got into the scene in 2016 when I spent months researching all the issues plaguing our modern societies. During the turmoil of the Brexit and Trump wave we experienced back in 2016, I wanted to make sense of it all, and I found the answers. They were much darker and more sinister then I could have imagined. But when you learn about these truths, you undergo a mental transformation—you truly begin to love and appreciate your own people, your own nations, your own history.

***Apotheosis of Evil* is the name of the 10-hour documentary you made. What inspired you to undertake a project of this magnitude?**

When you realise all these things have come under attack and have been under attack for generations, you react in the same manner as would any responsible adult to their home being threatened—with hostility towards the threat and a need to protect what you love.However, my documentary *Apotheosis of Evil* is not at all about hostility, but is in fact a 10-hour love letter to Europe and European peoples.

For a while I had been feeling a strong desire to compile the grand scope of our achievements in a pro-European documentary, something I don't think has ever been done. My love for our people and the countries we've created was my primary drive in producing this documentary, and I see it as a warning and wake up call for Europeans to start thinking collectively and acting in our interests, as opposed to the interests of others.

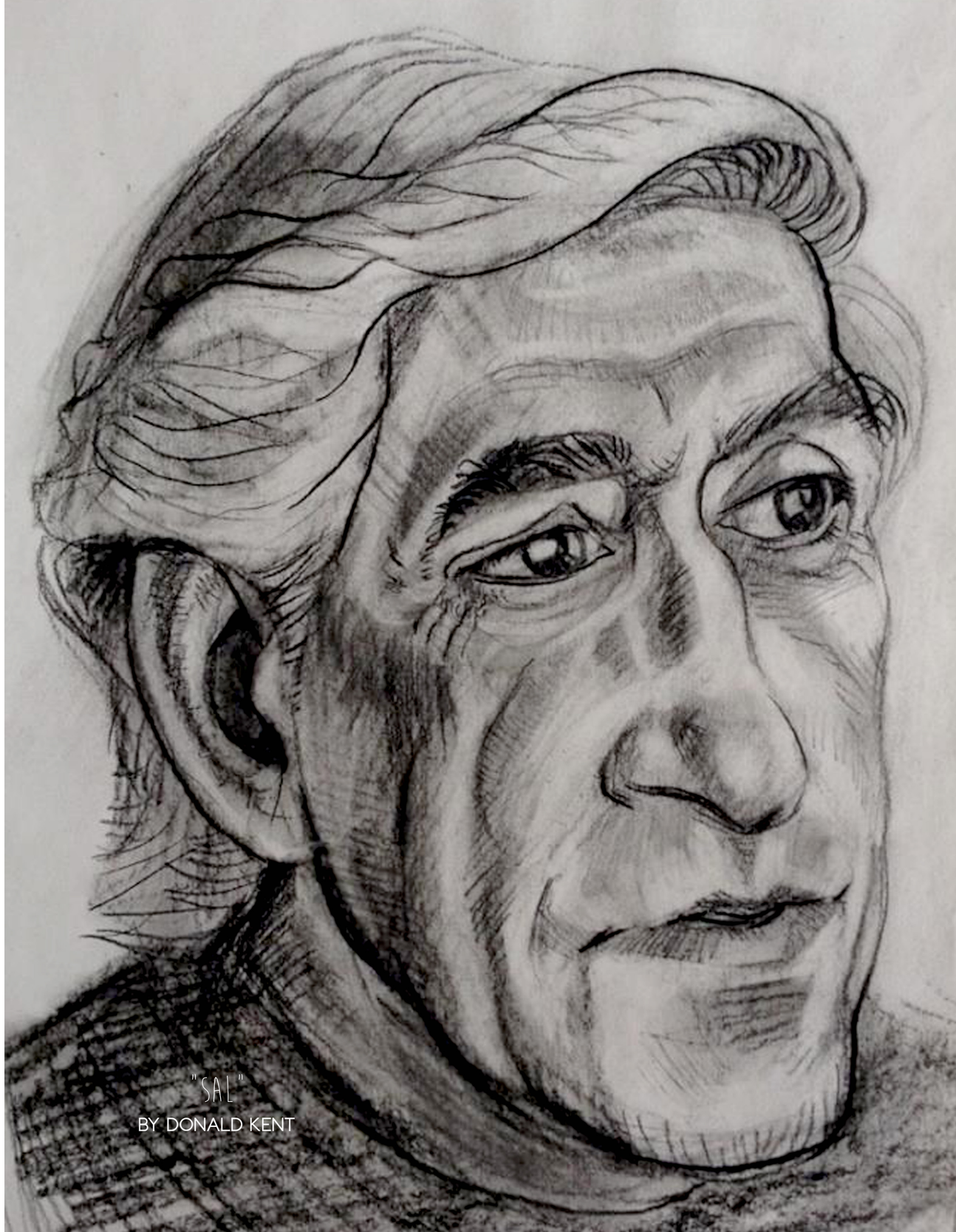
***Apotheosis of Evil* is comprehensive in its coverage of European history and culture. How did you organize all of the information, and who is the audience you are trying to reach with it?**

I didn't intend on it being as long as it is. I originally envisioned a 5-or-so hour-long documentary, but I had so much to cover that it just wasn't possible. The entirety of European history *couldn't* be covered in such a short amount of time, so an extra 5 hours is more like it!

My suggestion is watch it in two-hour increments, as the film is structured to be watched that way. The film itself is broken into three parts: Part 1 being two hours, and Part 2 and Part 3 clocking in at four hours each.

Though, if you prefer, you could just binge watch the whole thing in a day. Regardless, all who watch it will be taken on an epic journey of highs and lows throughout European history, arriving at the present day, and discover everything that came before us so they have a better understanding how the present day became what it is.

It's packed with hundreds of historical images, dozens of energetic and inspiring songs/tracks, complete with relevant and compelling video footage of Europe's greatest figures, events and wars. *Apotheosis of Evil* may not be for everyone, but those whom it *is* for will find it one of the most life-changing experiences imaginable; they may just find their great European flame kindled anew. ■



"SAL"
BY DONALD KENT

THE R WORD

Paul Marlais

"I'm sure with time it will pass, Dr. Anton."

Dr. Anton exited Dean Miller's office and walked drag-footed down the hall, repeating the sentence to himself. His classification study had been released a month earlier, and while it had received praise in various scientific circles, it had also of late come under fire from the school newspaper, which portrayed it as polarizing with regard to the various groups it was attempting to understand. His field was now on the cutting edge of science, but the subject matter was controversial, and the data often difficult to convey to the public.

Dr. Anton remained fixed in idle thought as he boarded the train, headed home, got the mail, and entered his house.

He made himself a drink before slumping down in his easy-chair and putting his feet up. Dr. Anton didn't own a television, so he sat quietly, sipping his drink, staring into the wall in front of him.

A half hour later, Dr. Anton's phone began to vibrate in his pocket. He leaned to the side and fished it out.

"Hello?"

"Dr. Anton?"

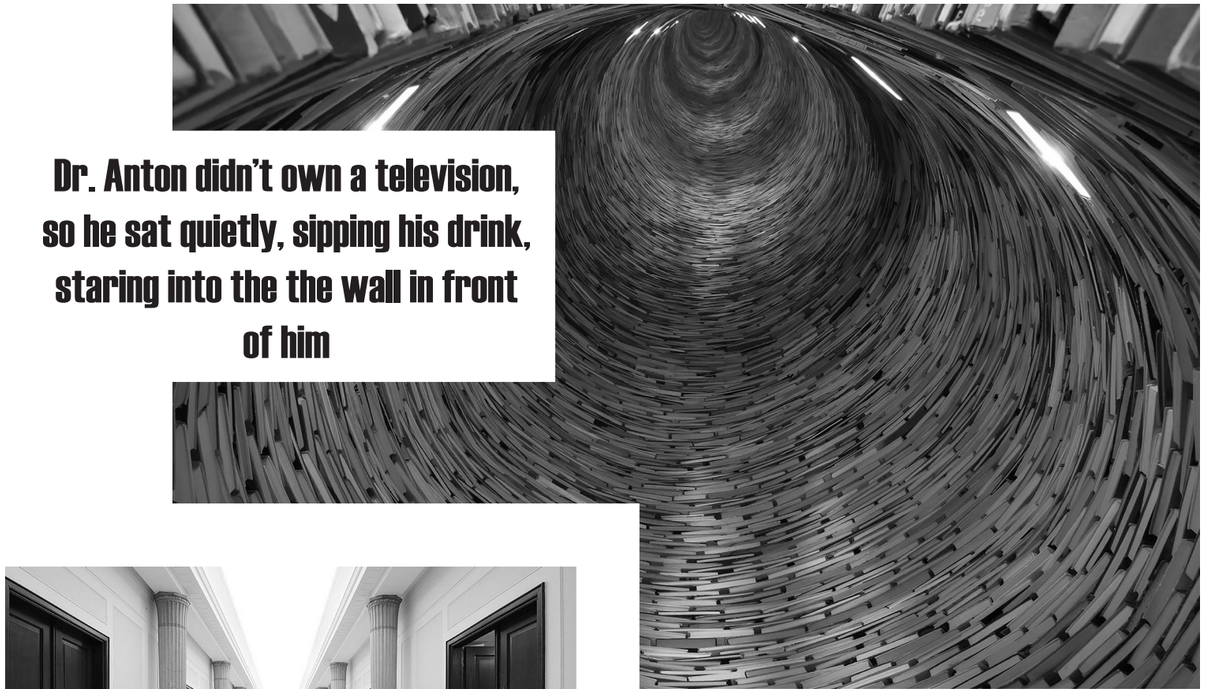
"Speaking."

"Dr. Anton—this is Dr. Dominick Davies from the Pinderton Institute. I was calling to congratulate you on your paper. Your classification study was exactly what the field needed, what we'd all been waiting for. Even with the many breakthroughs we've made, and keeping in mind the difficult intellectual terrain, no one had been able to put it all together in such a remarkable fashion."

"Thank you for your kind words, Dr. Davies. If you read my study then you surely recognized your own name among the citations."

"What has the response been from your university? Part of the reason I'm calling is because I read the article the school paper published in response and was astonished."

"Yes, well, Dr. Davies, you know



how things are in our field these days. You have to be careful, and it appears as though I was perhaps not as careful as I should have been. The university is putting together a review panel."

"A review panel? Nonsense."

"I just found out this afternoon."

"Clearly you have nothing to worry about, Dr. Anton. There was nothing flawed with your research, and the scientific community is behind you. You can count on us, and I'm positive this will all pass with time."

Dr. Anton arrived on campus the following day at the usual time. He ambled slowly through the West End with his head down, unaware of his surroundings, then was squeezing past a group of students assembled in front when he heard one shout—"That's him, that's Dr. Anton!"

"I'm the what?" Dr. Anton mumbled as he lifted his head.

The group gathered outside began surrounding him. A young woman stepped up to face him. "Dr. Anton—Addie Liebowitz with *The Voice*. How do you justify your study in the face of recent allegations?"

"Allegations? I'm not sure . . . ," Dr. Anton said, trailing off. He attempted to speak but his words broke apart on their way out, forcing him to clear his throat before continuing. "I'm not sure what all of the commotion is about. We simply used the data to create a model that—"

"—So you don't think it's racist?"

"*Racist?* Of course not."

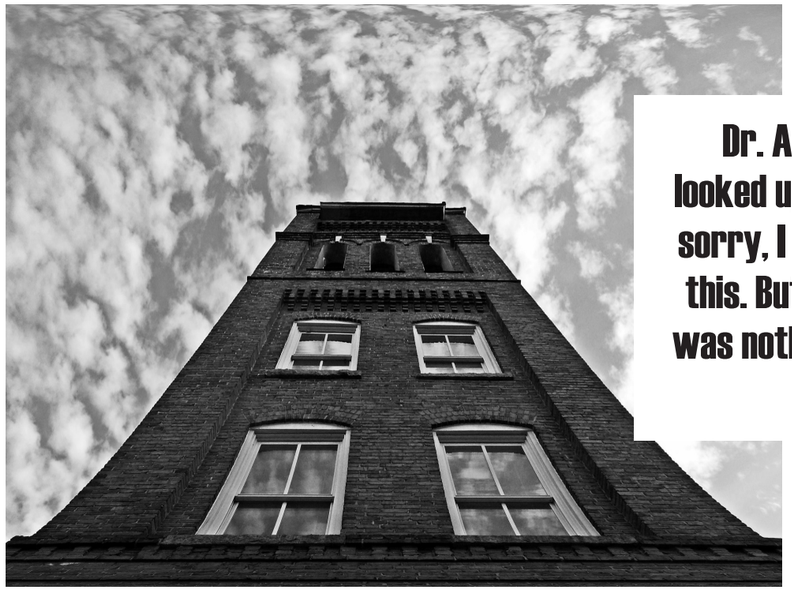
"Then can you explain why *The New York Times* has an article out today quoting your study with this headline?"

He glanced at the tablet Ms. Liebowitz was holding up. The headline read: "More Racist Science."

Dr. Anton squinted then looked up at the building. "I'm sorry, I have no comment on this. But I assure you there was nothing racist about our study."

He turned his back and rushed in. His feet were shuffling awkwardly ahead; his heart was racing. Dr. Anton ascended the stairs, unlocked his office door, closed it behind him, and flopped down. He took deep breaths to calm himself and assess what had just occurred, then he took out his phone, turned it on, and looked up the article on *The New York Times* website.

"Utter boloney," he muttered halfway through before



Dr. Anton squinted then looked up at the building. "I'm sorry, I have no comment on this. But I assure you there was nothing racist about our study"

slapping the phone down on his desk. "I said none of those things . . . I didn't even think them."

A knock.

"Come in."

Dean Miller peeked his head in the door. "Do you have a moment?"

"Of course, please, sit down."

"Did anyone outside recognize you?"

"They sure did. They bombarded me and informed me of this article in *The New York Times*. I just read some of it but couldn't finish. Did you hear about this?"

"I read it earlier, Dr. Anton. Tried to call you but your phone was off. Pretty scathing review, but—"

"—I hinted at no such things. We followed a strict ethical protocol and adhered to standard peer review guidelines. I've been receiving calls daily the last month with nothing but praise. I . . . I don't understand." He looked away.

Dean Miller leaned forward. "Take it easy, Dr. Anton. Don't let yourself get too worked up over this. They're kids, and you know how kids are. So *The New York Times* ran with the story, who cares? These rags, no one reads them anymore, so they're forced to create controversy wherever they can. An intern got ahold of the story and decided to blow it up. Don't let it skew your sense of reality. It'll pass with time, believe me, and I'm behind you 100%—okay? That's all I came down here to tell you."

Dr. Anton glanced over at Dean Miller, who had ready the reassuring smile the Doctor had come to trust and know so well. "I suppose you're right."

"That's better. Shrug it off. You're a scientist, focus on your work. I'll handle the public relations stuff."

That afternoon Dr. Anton left the building using the back door and took a circuitous route to the Tube. When he got home, he made himself a drink and sat down in his chair and quickly dozed off. Throughout the weekend, he kept his phone off and ignored any and all news. Dr. Anton stayed busy—running errands, working in his garden, and performing some overdue upkeep on his house. On Sunday evening, exhausted from the day's work, he sat down in his chair and turned on his phone, which buzzed from missed messages. He closed them all, uninterested in whatever their senders had to say, then picked up a book and began to read. But not a page in, the phone rang. The caller ID informed him that it was a friend in the department, Dr. Newton.

"You've been everywhere lately, and a petition is being circulated to have you removed from your position with the university. There's also talk of a protest tomorrow"

"I've been trying to get ahold of you all day . . . are you all right?" Dr. Newton asked.

"Just fine. I was busy."

"Have you been paying attention to the news?"

"After that hit job by *The New York Times*? Not at all. I'm just waiting for this incident to pass."

There was a pause on the other end. "I mean no disrespect, Dr. Anton, but that may be wishful thinking at this point. Have you really been avoiding the news entirely?"

"Indeed. Not like I paid much attention to it beforehand."

"Thing is, this has been getting picked up all over the place. We're dealing with a more serious set of issues now."

"How so?"

"Your face has been everywhere lately, and a petition is being circulated to have you removed from your position with the university. There's also talk of a protest tomorrow."

"A protest?"

"I'm afraid so. The media has been pushing this story day in, day out. They don't seem to want to let it go,

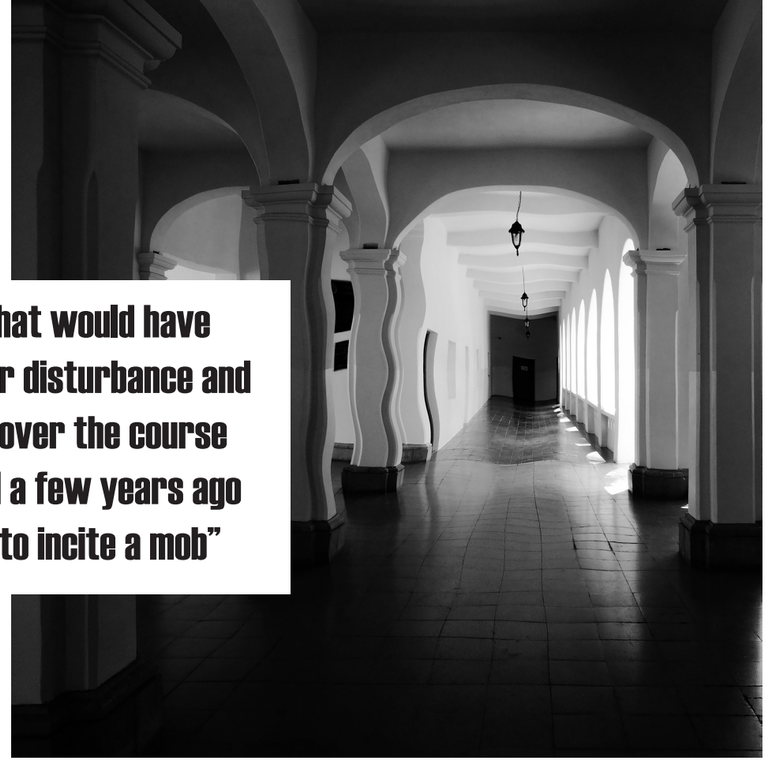
and it's been stirring up a lot of people. Many are convinced you are a . . . well—*a racist*, Dr. Anton."

"A racist? Me? Dr. Newton, you've known me for years. This is absurd."

"Sir, I know, and I'm on your side. But there's a lot of talk. I mean, these people, they've even made your classification model into a meme that's being spread all over the internet. I wish I could say that it will pass with time, but I'm not so sure it will. People are upset."

"Upset about what?"

"I don't know, Dr. Anton," Dr. Newton sighed. "I really don't, sir. . . . *Racism*, I suppose."



A matter that would have caused a minor disturbance and faded away over the course of a weekend a few years ago now seems to incite a mob"

The next day, Dr. Anton put on his best suit, took the Tube to the university, and walked onto campus with confidence. To his surprise, there was no gathering outside the building nor anywhere nearby as far as he could see. He entered his office and readied his work and proceeded as if it were any other day. Dr. Anton was reviewing some graduate papers when there came a knock. Dean Miller poked his head in.

"Got a moment?"

"Dean."

"How are you holding up?"

"Quite well under the circumstances. I spoke with Dr. Newton last night and he explained what had been going on over the weekend. I was doing my best to tune it out."

"I figured you were. I tried to reach you as well. And I must be honest with you, Dr. Anton. I know I said this would pass with time, but after this weekend I've come to the conclusion that I was underestimating the situation."

"So are you here to fire me?"

"Dr. Anton, please. I'm just running low on options. You must try to understand this from my perspective. I've been putting out fires all weekend and it hasn't been easy. There are a lot of angry people out there and they're planning a protest this afternoon. I've been doing my best to quell the situation, but no matter what I say, it doesn't seem to make anything better. These people—they don't want to listen."

"Did you explain that I hold two PhD's, am one of the most highly regarded individuals in my field, and have been published on every inhabited continent?"

"Yes, Dr. Anton, your credentials are what I point to first. But what you must understand is that this is a trigger-word. A matter that would have caused a minor disturbance and faded away over the course of a weekend a few years ago now seems to incite a mob."

"And how many of those who plan to join the protest this afternoon do you think have read my study?"

"Not many, I'm sure of it. But this appears to be beyond science. I know you are a private individual, Dr. Anton. All of us respect your character and reputation. We look up to your experience and knowledge. You are one of the staples of this university. However, as much as it may irritate you to hear this, I recommend that you make a move to deal with this matter face to face with the media. Apologize if you have to. Do whatever you can to dispel this label and keep the situation under control."

"Dean, with equal respect to you and the university, this seems to be outside of my control. But I will do as you ask because I have a responsibility to my work and this institution. During my research, it crossed my mind more than once that the subject matter could lead to controversy—certainly nothing on this scale, but I'm no fool. These are delicate issues, I get that, and I have no desire to bring any disfavor toward yourself or this university. So tell me what to do and I'll do it."

It took *Action 6 News* an hour to set up in Dr. Anton's office. He waited in the lounge with Dean Miller, Dr. Newton, and a few others, making small talk to avoid the affair lingering on the afternoon's horizon. When Action 6 was ready, Dr. Anton sat down at his desk, his back to the large window overlooking the campus. He put the earpiece in and confirmed to the party on the other end that he could hear them.

A countdown. Points. Question one.

"Yes, well, you see," Dr. Anton replied, calm and firm, his fingers weaved together atop his desk, "these claims of *racism* made by *The New York Times* and other outlets are outlandish, even dangerous, and I question how many have actually read our study. We cross a shadowy line when we begin persecuting rational thought using terms whose meanings continually fluctuate, or in fact have no real meaning at all."

"We cross a shadowy line when we begin persecuting rational thought using terms whose meanings continually fluctuate, or in fact have no real meaning at all"

Dr. Anton leaned back, awaiting the next question.

"With all due respect, I've been working in this field for forty years. Look at me, I'm an old man. For me to suddenly be accused of 'racism' at this point in my career is illogical and silly. There's simply no foundation for this attack. Our study has received praise throughout the scientific community. Those are the people we seek to influence, those are the opinions that matter, and they have all stood in support of our study's findings. I receive calls daily telling me how . . . yes . . . no . . . an issue with the broader scientific community? That's ridiculous. We are scientists, not ideologues, so it . . . it's really a matter of—"

Dr. Anton became noticeably flustered after being cut-off by the voice in his ear. His head tilted, his hands lifted up, broke apart, then came back together.

"I'm sorry, I just don't see things that way. You have to look at it from the perspective of—"

Dr. Anton was cut-off again.

"What's that? Say again? You don't seem to under—" He waited, trying to get back in sequence with the voice. "Perhaps you aren't following me or this matter from the perspective of a scientist. May I just highlight one aspect of the study? You see, we found that—"

Once again, Dr. Anton was cut-off.

"I don't, well. Okay. Thank you for your time. Okay, yes, well . . . goodbye"

The man from *Action 6 News* approached Dr. Anton from the side. "We're done," he said. "Good work."

"Good work?" Dr. Anton repeated as he removed the earpiece.

"Oh, yeah. You did great. Mean it wasn't that bad."

All attention in the room turned away from Dr. Anton, who rotated around in his chair, stood, and looked out the window, down at the walkway in front of the building, where a small group

was gathering for the protest. He turned a quarter-way back in a static state of detachment.

"What's happening?" he said under his breath.

After lunchtime, the proceedings picked up; the group gathering at the front of the building was growing in number. Some were holding signs with Dr. Anton's name on them. Soon, the sheer quantity of people outside made the noise audible from the inside. Dr. Anton and Dean Miller were looking down from the office window as the first chants picked up:

"No more racist science . . . no more racist science."

"Should I go down, Dean?" Dr. Anton asked. "Perhaps I can persuade them that their actions are misguided."

"No."

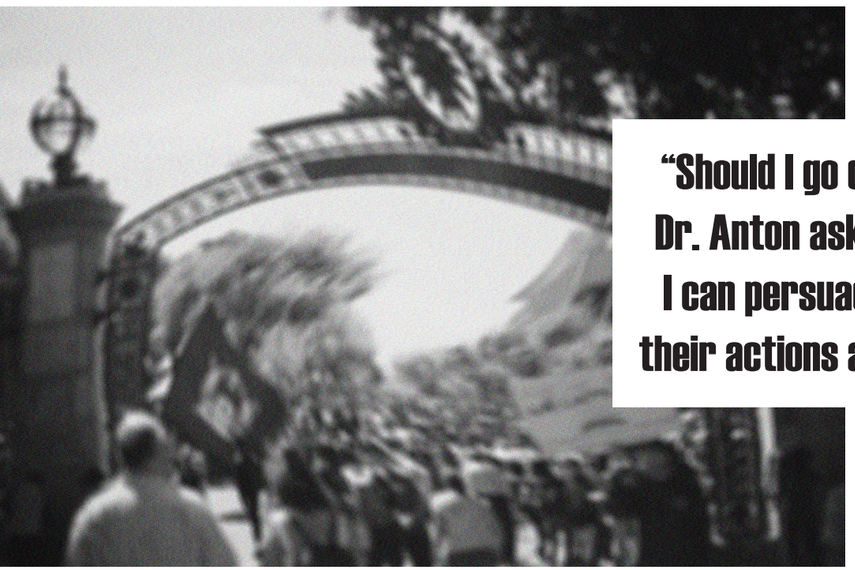
Time passed before Dr. Anton snuck away for a closer look. He took the stairs to the ground floor then approached the front doors of the building, observing the horde while inching closer. Pointed fingers shot up as some in the crowd recognized him through the glass; the word soon got around. A primal jolt of courage suddenly took hold of Dr. Anton and he stepped up to handle's reach. He pulled the door open and glared at the crowd. Their volume increased, the anger on their faces intensified.

Dr. Anton walked to the top of the steps and gazed over them with his hands on his hips. He did not try to speak; he simply waited, ignoring the insults being hurled in his direction, stout and still until a surge of shushes brought the decibel level down. He cleared his throat and held a hand up.

"Excuse me, thank you, excuse me," Dr. Anton said. "Please. I would like to ask a question, if I may, and receive an answer by a show of hands. How many of you actually read our study, the one you are so hostile toward?"

A half-dozen hands rose into the air as the clamor again picked up. Dr. Anton attempted to speak again, but his words were drowned out, so he raised his arm and appealed for silence.

"As a scientist, I am baffled by this response. Our study has received unanimous praise from the scientific community, so what is the purpose of this performance here today? Do the media institutions that inform you have such a persuasive influence upon you that you cannot distinguish reality from lies? Please, friends," Dr. Anton, as he descended the first two steps, "I, like all of you, am a human being. My interests lie not in stating falsities or promoting that which has no basis in fact. So I must ask again—why are you here today? Why have you come to oppose me? To protest a truth because it does not align with your feelings or the world as you wish it to be? I implore you all, do not let forces that have little interest in your well-being dictate what is worth fighting for. Do not allow them to twist your emotions and lead you on crusades for matters that disregard the truth and belittle science. For if you do that, if you give them that power, it will be all of us who in the end will lose."



"Should I go down, Dean?" Dr. Anton asked. "Perhaps I can persuade them that their actions are misguided"

Dr. Anton took another step down. He smiled at the leaders in front, believing his words had swayed the mob. He looked around and took in the scene, a sense of power upon him, his smile spreading across his face. Then he received a hard bump from his blindside. He turned to see the irate face of the attendee who'd shoved him. An arm wrapped around his neck. Dr. Anton felt himself being dragged to the ground. There was a sudden pain in his side. He fell into a slump and covered his head with his arms.

Then it all went black.

Experts say there has been a sharp increase in Racist Science, and are proposing legislation that would more effectively regulate scientific material deemed prejudicial or inflammatory

Dr. Anton held fleeting conversations with Dean Miller and Dr. Newton later that evening, but the drugs kept him in a haze until the following morning, when he was woken up by the nurse.

"Oops, didn't mean to wake you," she said as she munched on a snack and turned on the television. "How are you feeling today?"

Dr. Anton squirmed up, glanced down at his broken leg, and scratched the outside of the makeshift cast with his fingers.

"You'll be okay. Nothing you won't recover from with time."

Dr. Anton sighed as he took sober inventory of the damage. Nothing, surely, he wouldn't recover from with time, he thought.

"I'll be back in a bit to check on you," the nurse said while exiting the room. "Buzz if you need anything. Don't move too much."

Dr. Anton lifted the gown and counted the stitches in his side and brushed a finger over the wiring. The region was numb. He traced the large bruise around the wound, wondering what it was that caused it, when he heard his name.

Dr. Anton's eyes rose to the television, which the nurse had left on. He looked around for the remote before realizing she'd left it on a table on the other side of the room. His picture was on the screen, above a blurb that said: *The New Science of Racism.*

Dr. Anton leaned forward. "No."

"As a result of Dr. Anton's study, numerous organizations have come forward proposing stricter measures against what they term 'Racist Science.' Experts say there has been a sharp increase in Racist Science, and are proposing legislation that would more effectively regulate scientific material deemed prejudicial or inflammatory. Racist Science has been used by individuals like Dr. Anton to push an agenda that authorities say could have negative implications for our society, with one source stating that strict measures are necessary to make sure the scientific community is no longer able to use its privileged public standing to promote socially destructive, pseudo-scientific ideas."

Dr. Newton held open the door so Dr. Anton could navigate through the entryway in his wheelchair. They got in the elevator, got off at the second floor, and entered the laboratory. The room was dark; plastic was covering the equipment. The two of them stood quietly just inside the entrance.

"Who's purchasing our equipment again?"

"Shengdong . . . or Dang, was it. Slipping my mind at the moment. Private company out of Beijing. We have no use for it, what with the department indefinitely shut down. Board figured this was the best move."

"Beijing."

"Beijing."

"God help us. At least they're headed there next." ■

← "Moonlight Walk"
India ink on paper, 12"x9"
Herrmann Radwulf

Want to see your work in the next issue?

contact:

The White People's Press

whitepeoplepress.com
on social media @whitepeoplepress

The White People's Quarterly is released four times per year by The White People's Press. The goal of the magazine is to connect pro-white content creators with a new audience and promote positive, non-political, family-friendly messaging for white people. If you are a writer, artist, photographer, musician, journalist, or anything in between, and you are interested in seeing your work featured in the upcoming issue, please contact us at contact@whitepeoplepress.com, or submit your work to submissions@whitepeoplepress.com.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
from
The White People's Press